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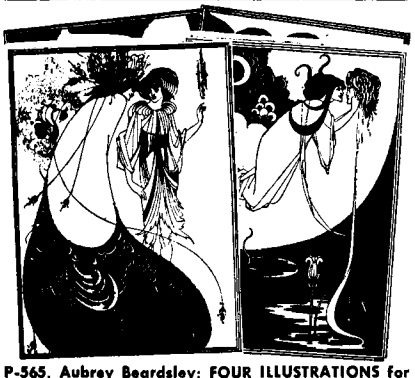

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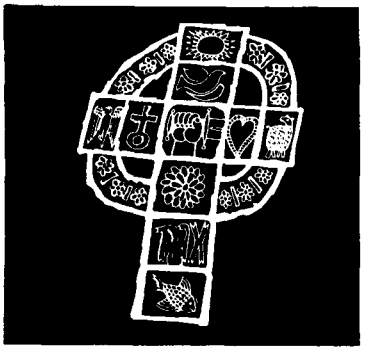

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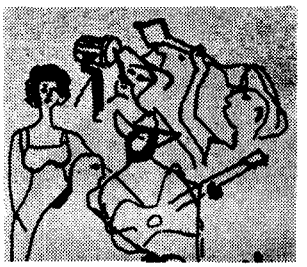

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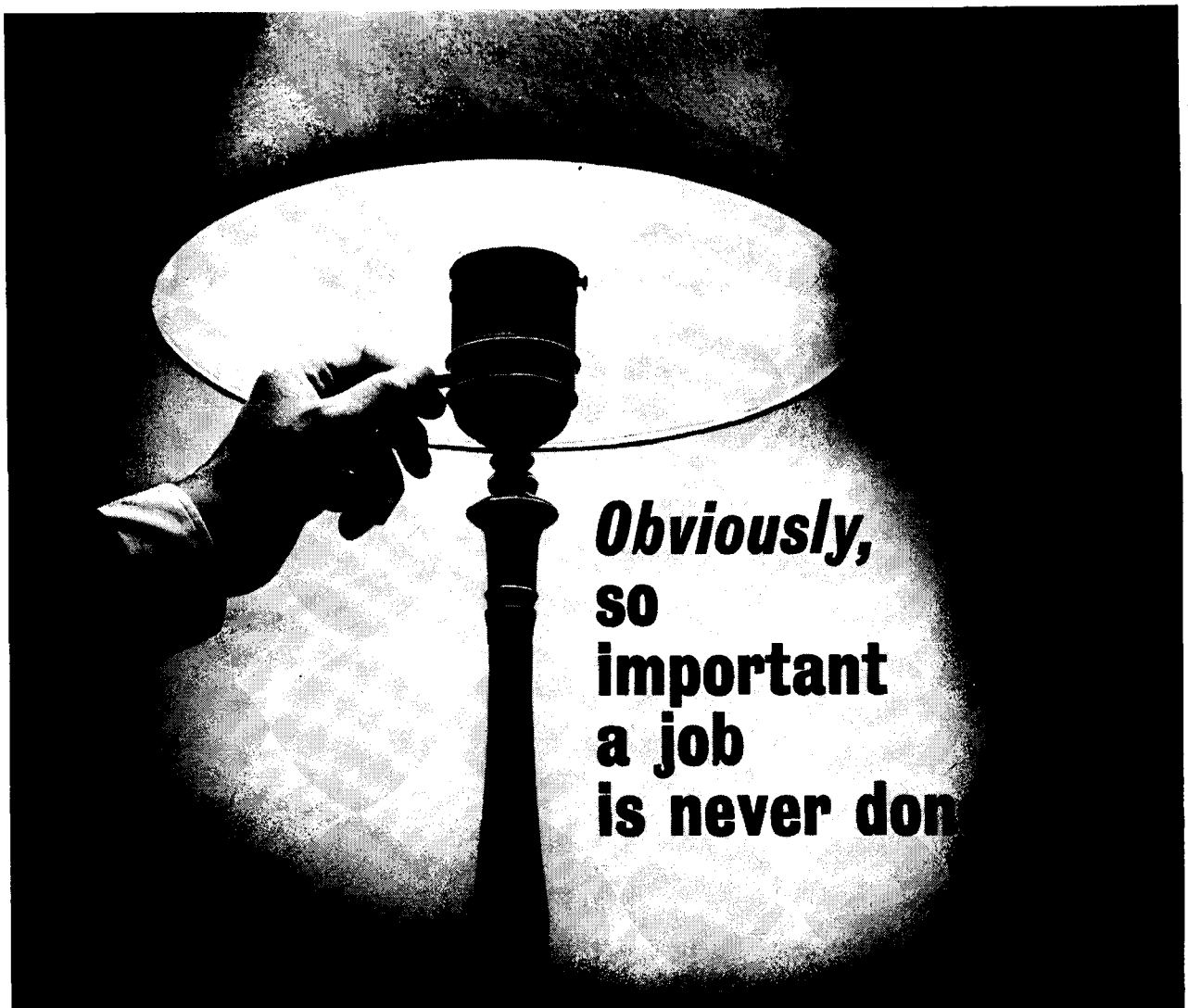

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T.R.B. from Washington

The Outsiders

★ We have been reading the report of four Harvard-Yale-MIT doctors who recently told the Field Foundation about the health of rural children in Alabama and Mississippi. They were joined by two doctors from the area. They called the situation "shocking – even to a group of physicians whose work involves daily confrontation with disease and suffering."

Theoretically, under federal aid a family can buy $10, say, of food stamps, and exchange them at the store for $60 of groceries. But suppose you don't have the $10? "These families are denied medical care, adequate sanitation, welfare or relief payments of any kind, unemployment compensation, protection of the minimum wage law, coverage under social security, and even recourse to the various food programs administered by the federal and local governments," the doctors report.

In sum, they are outside the economy. By the thousand, say the doctors, "they live outside every legal, medical and social advance our nation has made in this century."

The doctors are shocked because they went down and saw for themselves. Recently Senators Clark and Bobby Kennedy did, too. Mississippi, they heard, has no charity hospital in the entire state. In the Delta section, 75 percent of Negro babies are delivered by midwives.

"There are only five Negro lawyers in the state," said Marion Wright, for the NAACP.

"*Senator Clark:* There are only five Negro lawyers –

"*Miss Wright:* There are only five Negro lawyers in the state.

"*Senator Clark:* In the state?

"*Miss Wright:* In the entire state and three of – two of these never went to law school, and only one of us is a full-time civil rights lawyer."

As to the doctors, they reported that in the Delta area they found "in boys and girls in every county we visited, obvious evidence of severe malnutrition, with injury to the body's tissue – its muscles, bones and skin, as well as an associated psychological state of fatigue, listlessness and exhaustion."

There is a whole lot more: "homes without running water, without electricity, without screens, in which children drink contaminated water and live with germ-bearing mosquitoes and flies everywhere around. . . . We saw homes with children who are lucky to eat one meal a day . . . who don't get milk, fruit, green vegetables, or meat. They live on starches – grits, bread, Kool-Aid. . . . They have literally nothing. . . . They are out of sight and ignored. They are living under such primitive conditions that we found it hard to believe we were examining American children of the 20th century."

With federal aid, Connecticut pays a family of four on welfare $197; Mississippi only $33. Mississippi decides what the need is and then gives the recipient 31 percent of that need. The maximum per child is $9 a month.

Begging from Moscow

★ Comedian Dick Gregory has a pretty wit. On June 23 he announced that he will travel throughout the communist world in August, begging "money to feed my starving black brothers in America." Perhaps he is not being funny at that. We imagine the communists will be glad to help. As the doctors reported, "We saw children who are hungry and who are sick. . . . We do not want to quibble over words, but 'malnutrition' is not quite what we found; the boys and girls we saw were hungry – weak, in pain, sick; their lives are being shortened. . . . They are suffering from hunger and disease and directly or indirectly are dying from them – which is exactly what 'starvation' means."

The federal government promptly revamped its stamp program June 25, cutting the cost of food in half. But no matter how cheap stamps are, if you don't have income you can't buy them. The government has been urging county boards of supervisors to put up stamps for those who are penniless. Some boards, however, seem to feel that there are too many Negroes and it might be helpful to drive them off – to New York, say.

America Was Young

★ The sparrows that have been housekeeping in the right nostril of General Jackson's horse in Lafayette Park are about ready to leave. We thought how nice it all was the other morning. Rectangular beds of petunias led your eye across the avenue where a fountain splashed, and there was the milky White House and the Monument rising over its right shoulder in misty luminance. What a place for sparrows, we thought: respectable neighborhood, genteel people.

The general is our favorite figure in a city where every vista ends with a man on horseback. Clark Mills made it in 1853; the first equestrian statue in the United States. The horse is rearing, you remember, and it astounds the natives by maintaining its balance on two legs in a frozen acrobatic act. Meanwhile Old Hickory affably salutes the populace without a thought of his prancing steed.

Probably General Jackson is too big for his horse, but the observers of those days didn't care; what you realize is that they knew everything about harness there was to know and were a critical audience. Every detail is accurate, from surcingle to bellyband. Sculptor Mills must have made himself a horse and then put genuine accoutrements on it and you can feel that pleased and gratified the folks. That's what we like.

It may not be Michelangelo but there is power about it, too, and humor and cockiness. We get amused satisfaction every time we pass. America was young, then, and bumptious and secure, and it knew where it was going (or thought it did). Jackson personified it all. We think any sparrows hatched there will have something to fluff their feathers about.

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Ending the War

By July 4, more than 4,890 Americans had been killed in Vietnam this year, and 32,132 wounded, as many as during all of 1966. The betting is that by next spring 600,000 Americans will be fighting there, trying to do the military job the 600,000-strong South Vietnamese armed forces flunked. (They are now falling down in their allotted task of "pacification" of villages recaptured from the Viet Cong by the troops.) The war in the South is going badly; the bombing of the North has neither slowed the fighting in the South (where there are now said to be nearly 400,000 Viet Cong), nor forced North Vietnam to withdraw or to come to the conference table. General Nguyen Van Thieu, who hopes to be elected president of South Vietnam on September 3, told an American correspondent in June that he estimated North Vietnam was capable of continuing the war "another 10 to 15 years" with Russian and Chinese support. That estimate is no longer regarded by officials in Washington as unduly gloomy. American airmen are paying a high price (500 pilots lost) for hitting the same few places in North Vietnam, which is not an industrial region. The targets – almost all of which have been bombed more than once – are a handful of power plants, some cement factories, railroad repair shops and an iron and steel works. The North Vietnamese have learned to live with the damage. The Administration's dilemma, then, is no longer, will halting or ending the bombing produce negotiations? The springs of negotiation, if they exist, have to be sought elsewhere.

The futility of the bombing policy has begun to get semi-acknowledgment. But the alternative seemingly discussed is no more promising – some kind of "barrier" between North and South, equipped not only with mines and observation towers but with electric eyes, seismic detectors and infrared and ultraviolet rays. To be practicable against infiltration the "barrier" would need to be some 170 miles long, which would seem to rule it out: the Great Wall of China is 2,000 miles long (counting windings), but it was built to cope with conditions in the 3rd century BC. If the Administration remains determined to form South Vietnam's political character, it is more likely to decide to escalate the bombing, rather than ending it. And escalation can only mean either destroying Haiphong port and any Russian or other ships there (thus risking World War III), or bombing the North Vietnam dikes and drowning most of the population (genocide). There doesn't seem any other way, conceivable by the military mind, to humble North Vietnam. James C. Thomson Jr., assistant professor of history

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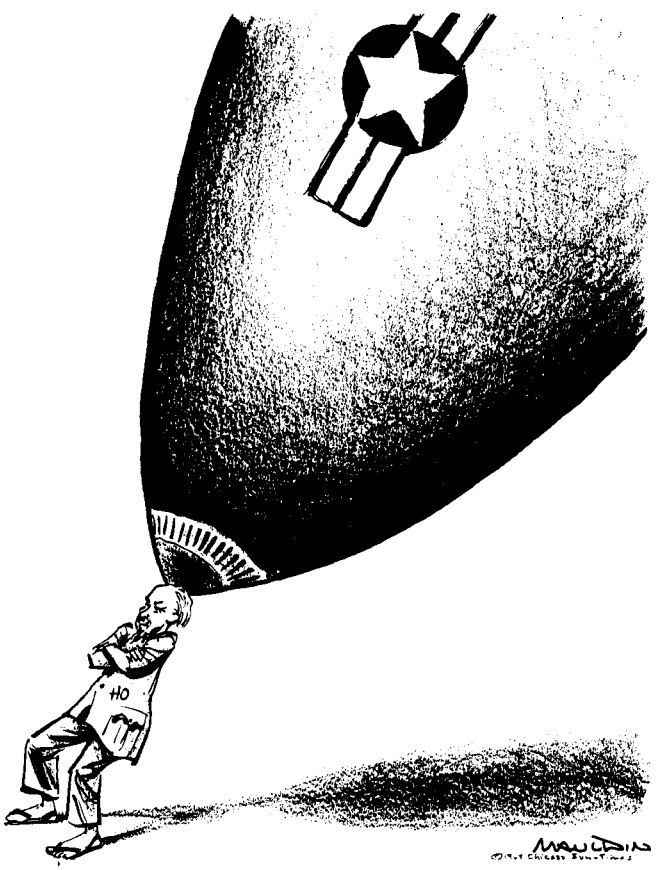
at Harvard and formerly a staff member of the National Security Council, suggested in a letter to *The New York Times* last month "that the Administration, despairing of a negotiated settlement, will give our military the step-by-step escalation authority for which they have long pressed."

How in the world did we get to this pass? Professor Thomson, who discusses this question in the lead book review on page 23 of this issue of *The New Republic*, has this explanation: "My six years in the federal government revealed a melancholy truth that seems pertinent today: that at each stage of the Vietnam conflict, from 1961 onward, 'constructive alternatives' have in fact been available and proposed, both within the government and outside it; that at each stage such alternatives have been rejected as unpalatable; but that all such alternatives have become progressively more palatable in retrospect, once the opportunity to choose them has passed by. . . . I can attest that they were in fact proposed at the time, and that they were rejected at each stage. . . ."

In spite of those past rejections, however, some options are left, and plentiful hints as to their nature have come recently from the Vietnamese themselves. General Thieu has stated with astonishing frankness that the Vietnamese people are "very tired" of the war and are strongly attracted by the idea of ending it by negotiations. This is also the belief of Tran Van Huong, a former prime minister of South Vietnam and a leading presidential candidate. Huong wants to end the war through negotiations between North and South without direct participation by this country or other foreign nations. Huong seems to be thinking in terms of a negotiated cease-fire that would leave the South as an independent political entity, at least for five or 10 years, under a civilian government that would embrace neutrality but, he says, would not include the Viet Cong. (Advocates of a coalition government with the Viet Cong are debarred by decree from running for president.) Thieu, however, says the Viet Cong could be a legal opposition party, in "two to three years." What does Thieu think of Huong? He pointed out that he himself had served as Huong's minister of defense in 1964-65, and that "Huong is a good man, honest and energetic, and I believe he would make a good prime minister." That's the post Huong is expected to get, if Thieu wins the presidential race.



The irresistible force and the immovable object.

These hints went right by the officials in Washington – instead of being grasped as the life preserver they are. The Administration was busily thinking up new military gadgetry, or listening to the Joint Chiefs of Staff on the need to blow up Haiphong. The consequence was that the withdrawal of General Ky from the presidential race in the South and his replacement by Thieu, put Washington completely off balance. At a news conference in St. Louis, Mo., President Johnson was asked if Ky's withdrawal took him by surprise, and replied, "Yes, it was generally assumed that Premier Ky would be a candidate for president." The confident expectation had been that Ky would run, Ky would win, and the war could continue as before, with Americans doing the fighting and the Vietnamese generals in Saigon gagging all civilian politicians suspected of wanting peace, including Huong.

Washington's faith in the Vietnamese armed forces as the only institution likely to be able to hold the war-shattered South from falling apart completely is touching, but it derives little nourishment from facts. The generals have always squabbled among themselves, either for prestige, booty or the dominance of one or another tribal or religious faction. They continue to do so. Ky was compelled to step out of the presidential race and run as Thieu's number two. But the exiled former chief of state, "Big" Minh, now says *he's* in the race, and 72 of the deputies in the Constituent Assembly approved his candidacy, compared with 62 who approved the Thieu-Ky ticket. With General Minh back in the news, can Khanh, Thi and other exiled generals from yesteryear be far behind?

The specter of military disunity in Saigon presents the Administration with one more opportunity to seek

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an alternative to its frozen and failing policy of peace through the massive application of force. One chance was lost on June 30, when Ky stood down, to declare that this country would welcome the election by the Vietnamese of a civilian president standing on a platform of the Vietnamese themselves negotiating an end to the war. But a chance remains. If a civilian cannot be elected president – and it seems at least doubtful that the junta will permit that – a military man with a negotiation-minded civilian as his prime minister just might – if the US is prepared to encourage, or even tolerate that. Having in mind this prospect, Ky's enforced subordination to Thieu is probably a hopeful thing. The question still is whether the Saigon junta will let Thieu, Huong or anyone else talk seriously with their fellow-Vietnamese about ending the war. The Johnson Administration does have some leverage here. It can declare in advance that it will not recognize the result of rigged elections in which the campaigns of peace candidates are harassed or barred outright.

Thus far, the Administration has excused itself by pleading that any such declaration would be interfering in Vietnam's politics. That isn't even worth a smile. The Vietnamese are sick of the war and would vote for negotiations if the junta let them. Interfering in Vietnam politics to the extent of guaranteeing that freedom is not too much, considering that Americans are now doing most of the fighting and dying there – and that without them the war would not last much longer. Thieu says only a fairly elected president can provide a road to peace and has painted a picture of what he thinks is bound to happen if this fails. "Say that 150,000 or 200,000 men from the National Liberation Front agree to put down their arms and return to their villages as citizens. . . . We cannot cut off anyone's head. . . . What if they form a party? . . . They can win through elections, first the hamlets, then the National Assembly, the senate, the government. I can tell you frankly we have already been infiltrated by the Viet Cong – the government, the labor unions, Saigon." Thieu sees a negotiated peace among Vietnamese as the *only* realistic alternative to the Viet Cong's taking over.

Is Mr. Johnson so fearful of negotiations along those lines that he prefers the killing and destruction to go on "another 10 or 15 years"? Thieu and Huong seem to be wiser than Johnson on this one. Yet the President cannot be unmindful that he himself will soon be in the middle of an election campaign, or that the wide public enthusiasm over his Glassboro meeting with Kosygin had deep political significance. That meeting was attended by Defense Secretary McNamara, who knows what more escalation in Vietnam would do to Soviet-American relations. In Saigon, will he resist further troop expansion, as Senator Fulbright has advised, or give in once more to the military?

Middle East Blueprint

Andrei Gromyko is in a sober mood these days. He pretends that the stunning defeat his diplomacy suffered at the UN had been expected. He claims that having the Soviet draft resolution on the Middle East voted down, paragraph by paragraph, was not a calamity at all, but rather a deliberate maneuver to show the Arabs that come what may, they really have no better friends than the Russians. And yet, the Soviet foreign minister reportedly agrees that the big-power confrontation in the UN and outside is over, so far as the Middle East is concerned. He is supposedly interested mainly in a face-saving way out.

There are many diplomats who feel compassion for Mr. Gromyko, who say that there should be no humiliation of the Soviet Union, which is after all a big power, a nuclear power. Some compare the present crisis with the Cuban missile confrontation of October 1962 and claim that the United States should now behave as it did then.

That is just what the United States is doing. Having won its own diplomatic victory by demonstrating to the world that the General Assembly extraordinary session, called on Soviet initiative, was quite unnecessary, Lyndon Johnson has shown restraint. There has been no public jubilation about the performance of Ambassador Goldberg's team, though that performance deserves applause.

The chief reason for Washington's unwillingness to boast too much is the desire to spare the present Soviet leadership from "an agonizing reappraisal" at home. The Russians invested at least five billion rubles in the Middle East over the last decade, and in view of the living standard of the Russian people, five billion rubles may be as much as $50 billion for the Americans. If Russia does not want to lose the position it has established in the Middle East, it must continue its investment – and perhaps at even higher rates. Can it afford this? Would the dividends justify such an expenditure? Might not that investment, too, be lost one of these days, as were comparable investments in Sukarno and Nkrumah? Those questions are bound to be asked in Moscow. It is thus possible that the leaders responsible for the Middle East debacle will be called to account, as was Nikita Khrushchev. That has not been lost on American policy-makers, who fear that the present Soviet team could be replaced not by more moderate leaders but by more extreme dogmatists who think that the Middle Eastern defeat was not caused by too deep Soviet involvement, but too little.

The Soviet attitude in the months to come may zigzag between a "soft" and a "tough" line. Dealings with the Arab states will prove awkward for a while. Their diplomatic defeat at the UN, coming on top of the

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military defeat seems to have inflamed passions, rather than cooling them. It is, therefore, premature to believe that the Middle Eastern dust is about to settle. After a week's recess, the unfortunate extraordinary session of the General Assembly may try to appoint a UN mediator to establish some contact between two hostile parties. At present, there are no cease-fire lines nor armistice agreements, because the Arabs do not want them – not yet.

But if wiser counsels prevail in Moscow and if Arab extremists do not get encouragement from abroad (China is too poor to do much more than shout), Israel may succeed in its ambitious effort to solve the problem of Arab refugees and establish a workable Arab-Jewish coexistence inside the borders controlled by Israel. This will be achieved not by debate at the UN, or by draft resolutions which are either defeated or, if passed, are ignored. The only hope that the Middle East will cease to monopolize the headlines lies in a slow adjustment to reality by all the Middle East nations, including Israel. The best blueprint now is as little blueprint as possible.

So Proudly We Hail

Several columnists have divined in Lyndon Johnson's rousing, boastful speech to the Junior Chamber of Commerce a preview of his '68 campaign theme – "count your blessings." Since an incumbent President has never been known to run for reelection against his record, they may be right. But if they are, the "cussers and doubters" the President deplores will have quite a bit to say in response. Loyalty to the republic and confidence in its basic design have nothing to do with self-flattery and self-deception. And it is self-deceiving to claim, as Mr. Johnson does, that "more money will be spent on poverty in the United States and trying to do something about it this year by the federal government than we spend on Vietnam."

The exact amount the Vietnam war will cost this year can't be foretold precisely. However, a widely accepted estimate is about $2 billion a month – $24 billion for the year – and the figure keeps rising. In the current federal budget $21.8 billion is allocated for housing and community development, natural resources, education, health services and research, job placement and training and other welfare programs (school lunches, for instance), public assistance, Sargent Shriver's poverty war and agriculture. But a large part of this $21.8 billion total – outlays for resource development and agriculture, for example – cannot by any stretch of the imagination be classified as antipoverty money. A major portion of federal spending for education finances scientific research projects and other projects at universities which do not come within a billion miles of affecting poverty. Moreover, the preponderance of the housing and community development expenditures are not for rehousing or employing the poor, but for subsidizing the clearance of land, so that it may be used for the shiny edifices of big business corporations, which thus acquire the land at far below cost while slum dwellers are forced out of the cleared areas into other slums, with more crowding and higher rents. The most charitable estimate is that no more than $10 billion of the $21.8 billion is going into the war against poverty, and $7 billion or $8 billion would be a more realistic assessment.

Charles L. Schultze, director of the Bureau of the Budget, in a letter of June 29 to *The Washington Post* gives us an insight into the extent of the federal domestic program. Mr. Schultze, in effect, brags that the present Administration is doing relatively less than the Eisenhower Administration. "A review of the facts," he writes, "makes it clear that federal expenditures are not taking a growing share of the national economy. Indeed, the reverse is true."

And the Budget director points out that, excluding Vietnam, federal expenditures in the administrative budget "will be 14 percent in fiscal 1967 and 1968. Taking all four years of the Johnson Administration together, federal non-Vietnam expenditures averaged 14.2 percent of the Gross National Product, compared to 16.3 percent for the last six years of President Eisenhower's Administration. . . ." Whatever measurement we use, he concludes, "non-Vietnam expenditures have risen less rapidly than the national economy. They account for a smaller – not a larger – share of our national income."

So the doubters will be placing alongside Mr. Johnson's glowing account some less flattering facts. Thus, the latest official published reports (1965) on family incomes showed eight million families with annual incomes of less than $3,000, of whom 1,459,000 had earnings of under $1,000 and 2,950,000 with less than $2,000. There are now 2,457,000 unemployed, of whom 22 percent are nonwhite, and there are approximately 9.5 million seriously deficient dwelling units. There are 7.3 million Americans who depend on welfare payments for their subsistence. The demand for medical care is far in excess of supply. (Two weeks ago, an assistant secretary at the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, William Gorham, said that "unless the physicians increase more rapidly than expected, or their productivity rises, or both, it will not be possible to meet the anticipated need for physicians' services.") And in 1966, of 1,609,368 young men who took the preinduction test for the armed services, 605,199 were disqualified – more than half of them for medical reasons.

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Craft Unions Are Hurting

The construction trades unions are getting more and more fearful lest the government make them dig up some Negroes for jobs on publicly supported building projects. "Civil rights organizations and their allies have far more political power to break down our hiring practices and union security than the NAM, the National Right-to-Work Committee, and all the big business tycoons and conservative senators and congressmen who ever existed." So said Peter Shoeman, president of the United Association of Journeyman Plumbers, at the 12th National Legislative Conference of the AFL-CIO Building and Construction Trades.

Shoeman is unhappy because $56 million worth of government-financed construction in Ohio was frozen through the unions' refusal to integrate. In May, Federal District Court Judge Kinneary had ordered Ohio Governor James Rhodes to cut off state funds to the exclusively white-crewed construction of a $12.8 million medical-science building at Ohio State University at Columbus. Then the Labor Department's Office of Contract Compliance pinched off the flow of $43.8-million of HEW, NASA and HUD funds to projects in the Cleveland-Akron area. All work stopped on the Western Reserve University's medical-science complex, NASA's Lewis Research Center, the Westerly senior citizen's apartment expansion in Lakewood, classroom and dormitory construction at the University of Akron, Cathedral Apartments for the retired in Cuyahoga Falls, Impost Inc. and East Crown Housing projects. Also stalled was Federation Towers, a Cleveland apartment house for the retired, sponsored by the AFL-CIO.

Though both the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations ordered contractors on federal building projects to employ only integrated crews, most craft unions have kept their hiring houses white and got away with it – with one exception. In February 1965, white workers walked out leaving Elisha Smith, Negro, alone on the Jefferson Arch project in St. Louis. In a fallout of publicity, they were ordered back on the job.

It has been 12 years since the AFL promised, at the time of its merger with the CIO, to end discriminatory practices. There are Negroes who have been trying unsuccessfully ever since to gain membership in construction locals. The unions say there are no Negroes skilled enough to meet union standards. They point to a long line of aborted public training programs. Yet one of the plaintiffs in the Ohio court case, Jerome Welch, is a college graduate who was refused membership in Local 18, International Union of Operating Engineers.

The present "affirmative policy" of the hitherto innocuous Office of Contract Compliance is disrupting what had seemed to be permanent symbiosis between AFL unions and the Labor Department. The craft unions now threaten to bite the hand that once blessed them. "There certainly is nothing like being let down by an old friend," Shoeman has said, referring to the "dangerous" Labor Department and to the "party of Harry Truman." Secretary Willard Wirtz has tried to console the unions, without condoning discrimination. After complimenting the building trades on their humanity, he reminded them last month that out of 44,000 requests for fair apprenticeship policies only 7,000 had been returned after three years.

Encouraged by what has been done in Ohio, the NAACP and the Office of Contract Compliance are planning nationwide campaigns to end all-white unions. First on the list is San Francisco, where more Negroes than there are in Birmingham, Ala., are watching white men build a rapid transit system.

Still, Mr. Shoeman complains: "Just how you can have a case of discrimination against a certain minority group when no one from the minority group has ever applied, I fail to see. . . . Our union and certain others in the building trades have been the victims of a great deal of political claptrap and hogwash."

Auto Insurance

It looks as if Congress will launch a major investigation into auto insurance. Until recently the Senate Commerce Committee had planned to hold hearings on Senator Thomas Dodd's bill which would have the government insure the insurance companies and thereby attempt to reduce the number of small companies that go broke. But, the problems with the insurance business are much wider and more complicated than insolvency. Fortunately, both Senator Warren Magnuson, who heads the Commerce Committee, and Congressman John E. Moss, who heads a government operations subcommittee, are now asking the new Department of Transportation to conduct a broad inquiry. In a letter to Alan Boyd, the Transportation Secretary, Magnuson and Moss said: "We have become increasingly concerned at evidence of major flaws in our national systems for compensating motor vehicle accident victims. Our attention was first drawn to the serious problem of insolvencies among so-called 'high risk' automobile insurers. But such insolvencies appear to be symptomatic of fundamental defects, both in automobile insurance underwriting and in our underlying common law and statutory system of fault liability. Sharp underwriting practices, including arbitrary cancellations and failures to renew, geographical, racial, and economic blackouts in coverage, and discriminatory escalating premium rates equally demand appropriate reforms." The inquiry is long overdue, and should form the base for hearings and legislation next year.

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Money, Principle and Southern Baptists

Southern Baptists are in a dilemma over federal aid for their 38 four-year colleges. Administrators of these colleges fear they will have to be closed if the church continues to prohibit acceptance of federal money, especially Higher Education Facilities Act grants.

With 11 million members, the Southern Baptist Convention is the largest Protestant denomination in the country, dwarfing the Northern American Baptist Convention and the 22 other Baptist groups. It is a truly national body, encompassing 29 states, including California. Sixteen of these states have Southern Baptist colleges or universities, which enroll more than 100,000 students, and include such well-known institutions as Baylor University, Waco, Texas, and Wake Forest College, Winston-Salem, N. C.

In 1965, the South Carolina Baptist Convention forced Furman University to turn back a $611,898 federal grant for construction of a science building. The state convention then borrowed this amount from a bank and gave it to the university so that obligations to contractors could be met. The state convention has so far raised $330,000 to repay the loan, and is allocating $150,000 of its annual budget for this purpose. On the other hand, this spring the Kentucky Baptist Convention released Kentucky Southern College in Louisville from ownership so it could obtain federal aid "quickly" to avoid going broke.

The question of federal aid is laden with emotion for Southern Baptists and rooted in the struggles of Separatists in 17th-century England.

Heading those who favor federal aid is Abner McCall, president of Baylor and a Texan who supported Barry Goldwater in 1964. McCall points out that 19th-century Baptist mission schools for the Indians were subsidized by the federal government. He has a long list of other such cooperation, including Southern Baptist Mission Board operation of Nigerian government-run schools, tax money paid to Baptist hospitals for care of indigent patients, the GI bill, the annual postal subsidy of nearly $750,000 for the *Baptist Standard* newspaper in Texas, and National Youth Administration payments to Baptist students for work done for Baptist colleges during the depression.

"During the 20 years since World War II, the federal government put far more money into Baylor University than did the Baptists of Texas," McCall declares.

Southern Baptist policies on federal aid vary widely. Southern Baptist colleges in Arkansas, Louisiana and Florida are permitted to accept federal loans, but not grants. In Texas, Mississippi, Georgia and Virginia, they cannot have either. However, Baylor and some others accept federal money for "contract research" and permit students to take federal loans.

These variations and the pressures for funds led to establishment of a 300-member study commission to review and possibly revise the Southern Baptist stand. The report of the commission, which recently wound up nearly two years of work in Nashville, will be filtered through a findings committee, which will publish it in book form this fall. But Southern Baptist principles of autonomy are so strong, the report will have no legal weight with the individual state commissions. It is merely advisory. Its recommendations boil down to leaving decisions on federal aid to each college's trustees. (Southern Baptist colleges have been threatened with removal of their accreditation because their trustees have too little power, and real decisions are made by the state conventions.)

I attended several of the national study commission meetings. They were filled with the drama of principle pitted against pragmatism. At one meeting, the debate was interrupted by a tall, graying Texan who has served as president of two state colleges there. The auditorium was silent as he searched for his words: "Those who say we're going to become second-rate schools see clearly. I'm beginning to see it so clearly it's almost a nightmarish thing. I've moved toward federal aid reluctantly. I don't like it. I'm pretty far down the road as to whether church and state separation is sacred for all time. If anyone has a clear picture of just what that means, I wish they would tell me. Very few of our Baptist schools can be classed as first rate today. I'm pretty far down the road; I'm either going to move ahead a lot faster or back up."

To illustrate the Baptists' problem, a Mississippi industrialist read a spoof letter from a friend, "Zeke Smith." Zeke urged strong opposition to government help or interference. Then, in a chatty manner, Zeke described how his small country church (Southern Baptist) had changed "since you came about five years ago and spoke to our Brotherhood one hot summer night."

"We all got together and the deacons passed a resolution and got our legislator to make this a state-aid road, and now it has been black-topped. . . . We also have a new parking lot. The county supervisor sent the road grader by and put gravel on it and also graded up the driveway. We sure did appreciate this. It didn't cost a cent, but after all, we have a lot of voters in our church." The letter continued with descriptions of a Rural Electrification Administration power line for the church, a federal loan for a community water system serving the church, a GI-bill educated pastor and local tax exemptions for church property.

The author was criticized for "making a mockery of a sacred principle." But many delegates came up later to ask for copies of the letter. JAMES BRANN

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We're Still in the Jungle

Before he was elected to the House of Representatives in 1958, farmer Neal Smith (D, Iowa) noticed something curious about the numerous livestock sales he attended. The same buyers seemed to be purchasing all the diseased, sick and maimed cattle and hogs. The destination of this miserable cargo was slaughterhouses not subject to federal inspection because the meat was sold only within the state. These meat-packing houses are outside the federal Meat Inspection Act of 1906. Since they do not have to incur the risk of having meat rejected by a federal inspector, the intrastate packing firms manage to outbid other potential buyers. Once in possession of these animals, they are free, as Rep. Smith points out, to cut the eye out of the cancer-eyed cow and send the rest of the carcass through the stream of commerce on its way to the dinner table.

Since 1961, Smith has been trying vainly to secure passage of strong amendments to the Meat Inspection Act – a law which has not been amended substantively since its enactment 61 years ago following publication of Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*. The proposed amendments would extend federal jurisdiction to all packing and processing companies operating intrastate but deemed to affect interstate commerce, as well as close glaring gaps which have absolved unscrupulous operators from legal sanctions. Until last month, Smith's bill was not even accorded a subcommittee hearing.

About 15 percent of the commercially slaughtered animals (19 million head) and 25 percent of commercially processed meat products in the US – enough meat for 30 million people a year – are not covered by adequate inspection laws. According to the Department of Agriculture, significant portions of this meat are diseased and are processed in grossly unsanitary conditions, and its true condition is masked by the latest preservatives, additives and coloring agents.

Even in federally inspected plants, management is reluctant to resist the temptation of keeping costs down by keeping revolting meats on the sales shelf. In one year, the Department of Agriculture reported that its inspectors condemned over 22 million pounds of meat as tainted, rancid, moldy, odorous, unclean or contaminated. And consumers of meat sold *intrastate* have not been fortunate enough to have any such screening procedure by public specialists. Contaminated meat, horsemeat and meat from sick animals originally intended for dog and cat food has ended up in hamburger and processed meat. Eyeballs, lungs, hog blood and chopped hides and other indelicate carcass portions are blended skillfully into baloney and hot dogs. Hamburger embalmed with sulfite – a federally banned additive that gives old meat a deceptively bright pink color, abounds. One New York state survey found sulfite in 26 out of 30 hamburger samples.

A New York state official estimated that 90 percent of the uninspected processed meat sold in the state is deceptively labeled. Those big hams that you buy have 10 to 30 percent of their weight in water pumped into their veins at the supermarket's back room, meat is doped with Aureomycin as a substitute for sanitation, and detergents are applied to freshen up unfit meat. So the NY finding is not surprising.

It would be misleading to compare such intrastate operations today with those conditions prevailing at the turn of the century: As far as impact on human health is concerned, the likelihood is that the current situation is worse! The foul spectacle of packing houses in that earlier period has given way to more tolerable working conditions, but the callous misuse of new technology and processes has enabled today's meat handlers to achieve marketing levels beyond the dreams of their predecessors' avarice. It took some doing to cover up meat from tubercular cows, lumpjawed steers and scabby pigs in the old days. Now the wonders of chemistry and quick-freezing techniques provide the cosmetics of camouflaging the product and deceiving the eyes, nostrils and taste buds of the consumer. It takes specialists to detect the deception. What is more, these chemicals themselves introduce new and complicated hazards unheard of 60 years ago.

With conditions worsening year after year, the Department of Agriculture finally moved itself to dispatch a fact-gathering mission on intrastate meat slaughtering and processing operations. (There are 2,500 slaughterhouses and many thousands of meat processors operating solely within state borders.) The report, prepared by Dr. M. R. Clarkson, came in two portions. The public portion was presented in 1963 to a House appropriations subcommittee, while the nonpublic portion – said to be filled with sickening pictures, affidavits and other documentation – remains inaccessible in the department's files. Dr. Clarkson's public findings, however, were jolting enough without the pictorial assists. He criticized packers and processors for:

► "allowing edible portions of carcasses to come in contact with manure, pus and other sources of contamination during the dressing operations;

► "allowing meat food products during preparation to become contaminated with filth from improperly cleaned equipment and facilities;

► "use of chemical additives and preservatives that

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would not have been permitted under federal meat inspection;

► "failing to use procedures to detect or control parasites transmitted to man that could lead to diseases such as trichinosis and cysticercosis;

► "inadequate controls to prevent possible adulteration of meat food products during their preparation with substitutes such as water, gum, cereals or sodium caseinate;

► "use of false or deceptive labels on packaging;

► "failure to supervise destruction of obviously diseased tissues and spoiled, putrid and filthy materials."

The Clarkson report fell upon the states with all the force of a helium balloon. Only 41 states have any form of law at all related to meat inspection. Of these, 26 provide for mandatory inspection of animals before and after slaughter; the rest have voluntary programs. Twenty-five states provide for mandatory inspection of processed meat products. The legal authority on paper is weak enough, but its efficacy deteriorates to near futility because of grossly inadequate enforcement funds, personnel and laboratory facilities and the omnipresent pressure of local packing and processing firms. Many of these firms are substantial business operations. Year after year, attempts to obtain bigger state legislative appropriations are tabled or defeated.

Probably the most effective restraint working to shield these packers and processors from inspection and safety standards is their common interest with both state departments of agriculture and the US Department of Agriculture in promoting the sale of meat products. Promotion is the categorical imperative animating these governmental agencies entrusted with the mission of insuring the safety of meat products. Despite the devastating evidence in its files, the US Department of Agriculture adheres in its policymaking to the avoidance of unfavorable publicity about meat products as the first priority. Consequently, years have passed without congressional hearings when all the department had to do was to request them.

Finally, late last month, chiefly through Rep. Smith's urgings, the livestock and grains subcommittee of the House Committee on Agriculture opened hearings on bills to update and strengthen the Meat Inspection Act. The Administration's bill, HR 6168, is a pathetic response to the needs of effective regulation. The department's witness, Rodney E. Leonard, took note of the hazards of "fast-curing processes, artificial tenderizing, artificial smoking, coloring agents and other additives that are potentially deceptive or dangerous to one's health." He added that there "are many opportunities for illegitimate operators to introduce into human food channels meat derived from dead, dying, disabled and diseased animals – commonly referred to as '4-D's'." Then he came up with the department's proposal – federal technical and financial assistance to the states if they desire to toughen their laws! If a state chooses to remain indifferent to its responsibilities, as there is every indication to believe will occur, the federal government remains powerless. (HR 6168 would eliminate some deficiencies in federal meat inspection authority but then proceeds to reduce the penalties for knowing violations from the 1906 Act's levels.)

Even such a weak legislative offering is too strong medicine for the states. The National Association of State Agriculture Departments is scheduled to appear at the resumption of the House hearings on July 17 with a number of amendments designed to turn the bill into a nullity. If anything remains of the bill, the Independent Meat Packers Association will tell the subcommittee how to finish it off.

The administration's position on this entire matter is not being helped by the Department of Agriculture's determination to take over the Food and Drug Administration's powers over unsafe meat, principally seizure authority. The department's conflict of interest between its promotional and safety responsibilities does not merit such presumptuous preemption; nor does the department's record of indifference to the effect of drugs, including antibiotics, in animal and poultry feeds on human health.

The Department of Agriculture's laggard response to the intrastate contaminated poultry problem since enactment of the Poultry Products Inspection Act in 1957 further weakens confidence. A recent study, assisted by the National Institutes of Health, revealed that out of 2,057 samples of poultry taken from two representative plants, 11.2 percent contained the salmonella organisms. (The incidence of salmonellosis has increased sharply in the past 20 years.) The uninspected plant contributed a salmonella rate triple that of the federally inspected plant. The rapid growth of new frozen food products and "ready to serve" dishes that are eaten following short cooking periods are increasing the danger of trichinosis and other bacterial diseases. This trend is alarming scientists at various universities. Yet the department, apart from grudging recognition of the problem, does not rise to the challenge because of an aversion to unfavorable publicity for its clientele.

When Upton Sinclair's book came out on January 25, 1906, it was front-page news from coast to coast. Theodore Roosevelt wired the young author to visit him at the White House to discuss the problem. Now, with many more threats to consumers contained in the combination of old vices with new technology, the great hush-hush is the order of the day. Perhaps, Upton Sinclair, who at age 88 lives just outside of Washington, is needed once again to tell the Congress that the Jungle is still with us.

RALPH NADER

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Vietnam: the Eye of the Storm

by Francois Sully

Chu Lai – near the Demilitarized Zone

Two years ago, 20 Vietnamese schoolgirls in white welcomed with flower necklaces 2,000 Marines wading ashore on the golden beach of Chu Lai. Today, the bashful schoolgirls are gone. The Marines are still there, fighting a costly battle of attrition to deny Hanoi access to South Vietnam's five northernmost provinces known as Eye Corps.

Eye Corps is a hell of a place to fight. The size of Albania, it is the home of 2.5 million Vietnamese peasants and fishermen who eke out a subsistence living on a 10-mile-wide coastal valley. The mountains and the piedmont have become a sanctuary for elements of four, perhaps five, North Vietnamese divisions that General Vo Nguyen Giap has been feeding into Eye Corps since April of last year. With no other land communication than mutilated sections of Highway One hugging the coast (the coastal railway has lost all its bridges to Viet Cong saboteurs), Eye Corps is fragmented into small valleys by lagoons, rivers, and mountain salients such as the strategic Hai Van Pass.

There is little fraternization in Eye Corps between Americans and Vietnamese. Young American officers in Eye Corps do not date local girls for a stroll in parks, a movie or lunch at the sports club. The cities of Hue and Danang resent the presence of foreigners. Shopkeepers in Hue have been known to refuse service to English-speaking customers. Since last year's Buddhist rioting and to avoid incidents, cities in Eye Corps are off limits to the US military. The only friends of the young GI's are the street urchins who live on what they can scrounge or steal from army warehouses.

In this pretty fishing village near the Chu Lai base, servicemen spend their money on such treats as a 50-cent fresh coconut, an 80-cent pair of Ho Chi Minh sandals or a $10 quick dalliance with a local flossie. In the coffee-growing Khe Sanh valley near the Laotian border, Army Medic Jim E. Perry, 33, and Nurse Patricia Bonnell from Alachua, Florida, give daily medical care to 100 Vietnamese patients (most of them local Bru montagnards) for various ailments, from malnutrition to shrapnel wounds. When two Viet Cong battalions descended into the valley to attack the Lang Vei Special Forces camp, none of the Bru tribesmen tipped off Americans, two of whom paid with their lives for their trust in their native guards. Perhaps the treachery was the price that Americans had to pay for the accidental bombing, two months earlier, of Lang Vei village by two US jets which killed nearly a hundred pro-government Bru montagnards.

A year ago, US officials estimated there were 25,000 enemies in Eye Corps, 60 percent of them infiltrated North Vietnamese regulars. Today, despite claims that some 20,000 have been killed since June 1965, the enemy's strength has soared to 41,000, not including the black-garbed masses of their covert supporters in the villages. US enclaves in the flat coastal valleys are surrounded by 18,000 indigenous guerrillas and snipers who wage an ugly, dirty little war against isolated American squads and platoons, blowing up bridges and military vehicles with mines and bazookas.

Only two miles from the Marine helicopter pad at Marble Mountains on the outskirts of Danang, guerrillas reign over a string of rich villages, and all efforts to dislodge them during the past 18 months have yielded few results. Twenty Viet Cong main force battalions operate mainly in the forested foothills – not far from such provincial capitals as Quang Ngai, Hue and Quang Tri.

Deeper in the rugged craggy mountains, 30 predominantly North Vietnamese battalions are poised for brief murderous thrusts at isolated US positions. More usually, the tough North Vietnamese fortify a strategically located hill – like the ill-famed Rockpile – and then wait until the Marines come to dislodge them. The North Vietnamese are willing to sacrifice companies, even battalions, as long as their objective, which is to inflict severe losses on Marine infantry regiments, is achieved. Sometimes, the North Vietnamese withdraw after launching a surprise counterattack on a Marine assault company. The fighting is then so confused that air and artillery support are not of much help to the hard-pressed American infantrymen. Fifty percent of the 2,000 Leathernecks who assaulted hills 881 and 861 near Khe Sanh were either killed or wounded.

A recent change in the enemy's command structure reflects the changing aspects of the war in Eye Corps. While three provinces – Quang Ngai, Quang Tin and Quang Nam – remain part of the Viet Cong 5th military region, which also includes the western highlands, the two northern provinces of Quang Tri and Thua

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Thien – known as the Tri Thien front – are now responsive to North Vietnam's 4th military region. This, in effect, erases the provisional demarcation line between North and South Vietnam.

It is at both ends that the Viet Cong threat against Eye Corps is most evident. Large Quang Ngai province – home of the 3rd North Vietnamese Division – is perhaps South Vietnam's worst province from the point of view of security, and would have been long lost without repeated injection of US and South Korean troops to bolster the outnumbered South Vietnamese 2nd Infantry Division. In Quang Ngai, and in adjacent Quang Tin province, the enemy easily musters 25,000 men. Quang Ngai, until recently, has been serving as a rest and recreation preserve for enemy battalions. At the other end of Eye Corps, the North Vietnamese have at least three divisions marshaled within the "demilitarized zone" or just south of it, in an area where, legally, no military activity is permitted by the Geneva Accords. To the 324-B and 341st Division, Giap has recently added the fresh 325th Division which came across Laos to threaten American positions in the Khe Sanh valley – a notable new twist in this already confusing war.

In the Demilitarized Zone

It is in the DMZ area that the enemy has recently displayed an entirely new panoply of weapons, ranging from the Russian-made 140mm BM-14 rocket which hurls a 90-pound missile eight miles away, to 105mm howitzers, presumably captured from the French at Dien Bien Phu. Heavy mortar barrages have become customary. Since February, the US outpost on the hill of Gio Linh has counted 18,000 enemy mortar rounds around its positions.

According to some observers, Lt. Gen. Lewis Walt (of whom more later) tended to dismiss the specter of three enemy divisions haunting the DMZ. Last July, Westmoreland's intelligence staff warned Walt that North Vietnam's 324-B Division was invading south into Walt's Eye Corps area. Walt, according to Saigon sources, shrugged off the idea, insisting his Marines had combed the area and found no trace of the North Vietnamese hard-core troops. "Walt laughed it off and then the Marines got clobbered south of the DMZ and 600 Marines were killed during Operation Hastings," said a Saigon officer.

More than anywhere else in South Vietnam – Saigon excepted – politics play a major role in Eye Corps. Vietnamese nationalists are sharply divided between two faction-ridden political groups known as the Dai Viet and VNQDD (also called Vietnamese Kuomintang) vying for control of the regional administration. On a recent trip to Hue, Premier Ky urged these squabbling Dai Viet and VNQDD politicians to unite in a single anticommunist front and cease knifing each other in the back. Meanwhile, the Buddhists, whose lay leaders were either arrested or exiled after the collapse of the Buddhist revolt in Hue, are sitting on the fence between the Viet Cong and the Vietnamese administration. Laments a young Hue lawyer, "Mutual suspicion and acrimonious factionalism are everywhere."

Most important for the Vietnamese, who for reasons of wealth, religion or family ties have thrown in their lot with the government, is the problem of security. After last month's Viet Cong raid against Quang Tri city, wealthy Vietnamese in other provincial capitals such as Hue, Tam Ky and Quang Ngai, began to panic. On April 17, a Viet Cong probe of the densely populated outskirts of Hue precipitated a small exodus of rich merchants to safer areas. In Dung No village, three miles east of Hue, the uncle of the former Eye Corps commander, General Nguyen Chanh Thi, was kidnapped by guerrillas.

Vietnamese civilians who have good reasons to fear the guerrillas worry that the redeployment of US troops along the 17th parallel has left cities like Hue virtually unprotected. A year ago of five Viet Cong battalions in Thua Thien province, only two were active in the populated plain, while three remained in the nearly unpopulated mountains. Today, the five battalions have moved into the coastal valley, destroying bridges and bringing insecurity everywhere. In Quang Ngai province, where people feel more strongly about their allegiance to the government or to the Viet Cong, the arrival of the South Korean Blue Dragon Marine Brigade has virtually saved the provincial capital from a communist takeover.

While two years ago, a fair 65 percent of Eye Corps population was thought to be loyal to Saigon and only 10 percent to the Viet Cong, today's statistics are so gloomy that local officials do not dare even to guess. The Marines feel that 700 CAC (Combined Actions Companies), or 10,000 Americans, are needed to carry out the pacification program effectively. Right now, Lt. Col. William R. Corson, the 42-year-old Marine officer who directs the program, can muster only 70 CAC teams throughout the entire Eye Corps, where 17.3 percent of South Vietnam's total population live. Only one-third of Eye Corps' hamlets are considered safe enough to permit election of local councils.

Naturally, therefore, when Secretary McNamara comes again to Vietnam, he will hear that many more troops are needed. Two understrength South Vietnamese divisions seem to have lost much of their will to fight since the collapse of the Buddhist revolt in Hue, in which their Buddhist chaplains sided with the insurgents. Local militiamen, thinly spread out in 43 district headquarters, are no match for the aggressive

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guerrillas. More active are a Vietnamese airborne task force and a Ranger force who have scored some successes against local VC battalions in the coastal valley between Quang Tri and Hue. Even so, the atmosphere of dusty garrison cities such as Dong Ha, filled with idle young soldiers is depressing.

A Day in Eye Corps

A dull day in Eye Corps is marked by four sizable actions involving at least a battalion, 934 platoon and company-size patrols, resulting in only 27 contacts with the guerrillas, of whom 30 are killed and none captured. Very few prisoners are taken by either side in Eye Corps. In an afternoon of mortar shelling, the North Vietnamese lob 35 rounds on US positions facing the DMZ, injuring 17 Marines. A Viet Cong mine causes "light" casualties to a Vietnamese Ranger patrol. At night, the guerrillas probe the perimeter of the Second ARVN division in Quang Ngai. Hoa Hiep village, defended by an ill-trained platoon of Popular Forces, receives 50 mortar rounds. Village defenders suffer "severe" casualties.

But since February 12, the Viet Cong has stepped up activities against Eye Corps, initiating a total of 2,100 incidents and attacks (45 of them significant) as compared to 1,600 the same time last year. Eye Corps is becoming the eye of the storm. Its fate has been in the hands of the Marines ever since they landed at Danang in March 1965. The prevailing consensus is that they are not doing immensely well. From the beginning they have been confronted with terrible terrain and an enemy who more often than not would prefer death to surrender.

To support 76,000 men in Vietnam, the Marine Corps is badly straining its available resources and would love to call up some of its well-trained reserves. From 45,000 in South Vietnam a year ago, Marine Corps strength has soared to 76,000, the first time since World War II that two Marine divisions are committed on a battlefield. Even with the assistance of a crack South Korean Brigade, this has not been enough to face the North Vietnamese drive across the DMZ and at the same time carry on a pacification program and secure coastal enclaves. Curiously, the hard-boiled Marines feel that pacification is their priority task. Last month, they called for help and received from General Westmoreland the 15,000-man Army Task Force *Oregon*, now assuming full responsibility for the guerrilla-infested Quang Ngai and Quang Tin provinces. Even with *Oregon* to help, the Marines would like the rest of their 5th Division now training in California, plus another Marine Corps Air Wing, for the northern part of Eye Corps.

Command of all US and allied forces in Eye Corps was until recently in the big hands of Lieutenant-General Walt, that strapping 54-year-old God-worshipping Kansan from Waubaunsee County whose men fondly called him "The Big Squad Leader from the Sky." This, of course, was an allusion to Walt's habit of hopping around his units in a Huey helicopter, tailed by a spare chopper to pick him up from the ground in case his own bird was shot down. Early in June, Walt flew to Con Thien outpost, where he was welcomed by a 30-round enemy mortar barrage which injured two of his own escort officers. Walt escaped the same fate narrowly by quickly squeezing his large frame into a hole.

In mid-June, the Pentagon unexpectedly announced that General Lewis Walt was being replaced in Marineland by Lt. Gen. Robert Cushman Jr. who, until recently, had been one of his two division commanders. Very little is known of Cushman or of the strategy he will adopt.

Reportedly, Walt's exit from the scene was prompted, among other things, by his refusal to heed the warning of Vietnamese intelligence officers in Eye Corps who accurately predicted a Viet Cong raid against a highly sensitive installation of Hawk missiles protecting the Danang complex against possible low-level air attacks by enemy aircraft. The information had been passed to Walt by Major-General Hoang Xuan Lam, his Vietnamese alter ego in Eye Corps. In an audacious night raid, Viet Cong commando men crippled the hill-top missile site overlooking the gorgeous Bay of Danang crammed with vital US military installations. Had North Vietnam or China decided to strike Danang simultaneously with their MIG-21's, the major American military enclave in South Vietnam would have been defenseless. US jets would have been destroyed on the ground – exactly as the Egyptian aircraft were by the Israelis.

I met at least one highly placed American officer who was critical of Walt's way of conducting the war. This three-star general squarely blamed Walt for the deteriorating situation in Eye Corps. He thought that

COMING: *The no-longer silent welfare poor – by Richard Cloward & Frances Fox Piven*

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Walt's decision to concentrate on destroying the Viet Cong guerrilla infrastructure before dealing crippling blows to the enemy's main force units was nearly idiotic. He said Walt should have faced the North Vietnamese large units right along the DMZ and the Laotian border, rather than giving them time to penetrate deeper into South Vietnam where they joined with local guerrillas. In fact, and with the exception of Khe Sanh, Walt had no blocking forces along the border to choke the NVA's major penetration routes. In Walt's defense, it must be said that he received conflicting advice on how serious the threat along the DMZ was. It is also a fact that, physically and politically, Eye Corps offers an exceptionally favorable terrain to the enemy.

Main Line of Resistance

The Marines' main line of resistance facing the 17th parallel today follows treacherous Route 9, stretching its 61 miles from the Laotian border to the garrison city of Dong Ha on the coast, then juts along national Route 1 toward the outposts of Gio Linh and Con Thien, where, last week, US Marines suffered "nasty losses" when a 2,500-man force from the North struck across the DMZ. Khe Sanh on the west and Dong Ha on the east are the two anchor points of this front, lined by Marine fire support bases and observation posts: Cam Lo, the Rockpile, Camp Carroll and Calu. If the Marines are to prevent North Vietnamese units from breaking out of the DMZ, they need better fortifications and land communications than they now have.

The three North Vietnamese divisions now pitted against Cushman in the DMZ or just south of it are possibly the best-equipped communist combat units operating in Vietnam. Their supply lines, either directly across the misnamed Demilitarized Zone or through Laos, are extremely short. Marine base camps and outposts in recent weeks have been struck by heavy and sustained artillery barrages, rockets and mortars on a lavish scale.

The Marines cannot rely on South Vietnamese troops to wipe out the threat of infiltrated guerrillas at their rear. On their western flank, they must focus their attention on the A Shau valley and on the road cutting through the mountains toward Hue. A new enemy buildup is reported in that area which represents another potential threat to the Marines. A dramatic military success in Eye Corps is perhaps what Hanoi wants, so as to create the favorable atmosphere in which its negotiators could go to a conference table. Short of this, Hanoi can still regard Eye Corps as its best bet to make the war costly for the US.

Like the French at Dien Bien Phu, the Marines deployed along the DMZ had high hopes of being able to destroy enemy artillery and mortar positions. For this, they had complex countermortar radars and 60-foot-high observation towers which were to be erected along the seven-mile-long barrier between Gio Linh and Con Thien, a 158-meter hill commanding the western approaches of the coastal valley. As in Dien Bien Phu, many things went wrong. First, the Viet Cong buried their mortars in deep pits to hide the telltale light of muzzle flashes. They also fired from many angles and with several types of weapons so as to confuse the electronic brains of the radars. Then, no sooner had the Marines built their siege towers, airlifted to position by flying cranes, than daring Viet Cong sappers burned some of them to the ground. Easier to locate from the air, however, are the Russian-made rockets with a range of four to seven miles that the North Vietnamese planned to use for the siege of Con Thien.

The electrically detonated rockets spew such a powerful blast that they can be safely fired only from flat, open terrace. Interestingly, the 180-pound rocket missile can be transported in a hammock by two North Vietnamese soldiers. From last week's grisly dispatches, it appears that Con Thien, its hilltop airstrip and its Special Forces camp buried like a Siegfried line command post was the immediate objective of North Vietnamese divisions breaking through the DMZ.

West of exposed Thien, the foothills are covered with waist high grass and tangled shrubs bisected by deep ravines which often halt the advance of the fearsome Marine tanks protecting the infantry. East of Con Thien, toward the pepper groves of Gio Linh and the curving coast, flat rice paddies stretch for miles.

Since January, only 888 Viet Cong defected in Eye Corps against 4,661 in the neighboring Second Corps with roughly the same population. "Pacification in Eye Corps," says a high-ranking US official, "is a lost cause." General Westmoreland, himself, shows only lukewarm enthusiasm toward the Marines' CAC teams.

Six miles from General Cushman's seaside villa in Danang (pop. 260,000), Viet Cong snipers keep pilgrims away from the Buddhist shrine in the Marble Mountains. Lush villages beyond the Marble Mountains remain loyal to the guerrillas, no matter how frequently the Marines "mop up" the area.

Much farther south, the buildup of Task Force *Oregon* is now completed with the deployment of the 101st Airborne Brigade in nettlesome Quang Ngai province. Two brigades of the 1st CAV have joined Task Force *Oregon* in Operation Pershing, a search and destroy action against Viet Cong concentrations in the hills south of Quang Ngai city. There, the troopers discovered with horrified surprise that the guerrillas were hanging live snakes from the ceiling of their dark caves to discourage "tunnel rats" sent down to find the arm caches.

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Reagan, Ex-Radical

"He Plays Pat Brown Better Than Pat Brown"

by Andrew Kopkind

Los Angeles

Ronald Reagan is selling out. Not completely, or immediately, or even obviously; the politician's art, like the actor's, is to make things seem what they are not. But disbelief cannot be willingly suspended forever, and in the great back lot of Reagan country, the most perceptive of his followers are beginning to realize that his "Creative Society" is not the plot they had expected.

Reagan wrote (or at least read) the original script during his excruciatingly long campaign for the Republican gubernatorial nomination and the subsequent duel with Pat Brown. As treatments go, it was expensive; the whole affair cost Reagan's backers about $5-million. In outline, Reagan developed a catalogue of the Devil's works in modern America: big government, high taxes, bureaucratic waste, crime in the streets, the new (for him) economics, and those aspects of health, education and welfare policy which seem to contradict the Protestant ethic.

It was not a bad list. The issues were real, even if crudely defined, and the two-term Democratic administration had for the most part failed to deal with them. Fearful and a little hysterical, the Democrats attacked not only the inadequacy of Reagan's proposals, but also the legitimacy of the issues and his motives for stating them. It became liberal heresy even to acknowledge the oppressive effects of centralized bureaucracy, or the threat of social upheaval, or the inequality of the tax system, or the consequences of a no-win war in Asia. The most they could offer were four more years of ambiguous, probably irrelevant, minutely incremental "improvement." Reagan saw that most voters were in no mood for tolerance. He offered them a vision of a revolution, and he articulated their deepest concerns. If it added up to much less than a program and hardly more than a complaint, it still worked to win him the governorship last November by a million votes.

On the surface, Reagan seemed to have a mandate for sweeping systematic change. He was at the head of an army of ideological infantrymen; they had all watched him on TV the night in 1964 that he had made his big pitch for Barry Goldwater, and they knew that some day he would take command himself. Now he was Goldwater's reincarnation, only smoother and warmer and somehow more believable. The location and composition of Reagan's army were crucial for its victory. Where it's *at* is the glassy, grassy flatland suburbs beneath the mountains, where even the palm trees are imported.

Here are 9 million people with a life rich and full of everything except meaning. Families are "units," salaries are paid in "K's" (*i.e.*, kilodollars, on the analogy of kilowatts, as in the phrase, "I'm making 12 K a year"), and there is good medical evidence that kidneys are swimming-pool shaped. Certainly everything else is. The inhabitants belong to a new working class, not a new middle; they are wage-slaves in air-conditioned sweat shops, with no ILGWU in sight. They have jobs which give them almost enough money, almost enough status, almost enough security, and absolutely no sense of creation or purpose (not for nothing a "creative" society appeals strongly). They are programmers, systems analysts, chain-store dentists, servicers, processors, and plasticized professionals with neither past nor future. They have no more sense of participation in the product of their labors than an assembly-line worker who affixes a screw (or hits a button which affixes a thousand screws) feels in a finished Mustang.

One theory holds that Southern Californians have the attitudes they do because they are so content; they allow no threats to the happiness they derive from their property. It is more likely that they are miserable, even if they would not put it in those terms. They can't manage the credit payments, they wonder why their kids blow pot, they don't understand the war, they stall on the freeways and choke on the smog.

Reagan and his organizers saw (as the Democratic liberals did not) that the mega-people of Southern California are potentially radical, not merely status-quo minded. They don't want more; they want different. Reaganism – the successor and refinement of Goldwaterism – made sense to millions of people precisely because it was a movement.

But Reagan as a political campaigner bound himself in a coalition that made radical politics difficult. The infantrymen supplied the precinct work and (some) vote power. Reagan, however, needed more than that, and as his campaign grew more costly and more serious he turned to the traditional sources of power. Like Gold-

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water, Reagan had threatened the economic and social interests of the big corporate managers. They wanted expansion, government manipulation of the economy, labor peace, satisfied minorities and international tranquillity (or at least low-cost hostility). In California, as elsewhere, most of the nationally oriented economic forces had fallen in with the Johnson campaign.

Search for Alternatives

In the early days of the primary campaign, that same business bloc, and its political allies, avoided Reagan like poison. There was a frantic search for alternatives: first, Sen. Thomas Kuchel, then former San Francisco Mayor George Christopher. But Kuchel shrank from the fight, and Christopher – who finally ran in the primary – came too late with much too little. When it was over, Reagan moved to include part of the "moderate" force in his campaign, as Goldwater had never effectively done. But Reagan could hold out the best promise of all – winning. Those with money and influence knew that if they joined Reagan early enough, they could ultimately direct the course of his administration. As one Republican legislator, an early and dedicated opponent of Reagan, explained: "We all campaigned for Ronnie. Hell, the guy was going to win, so we might as well have some voice. He bought that."

As he took office, Reagan was still thinking more of the infantry and the rich entrepreneurs who had financed his campaign, rather than the come-lately forces on the margins of the team. His inauguration was an emotional visionary production staged at midnight in the capitol. Above the dome flew a tattered state "bear flag" which a wounded soldier had carried home from Vietnam. Inside, Reagan spoke of the "miracle" of (small-r) republican government, where "every man, woman and child becomes a shareholder with the first penny of tax paid." There were echoes of the Kennedy inaugural mixed in with some very contemporary rhetoric about participatory democracy:

"The path we will chart . . . demands much of those chosen to govern, but also from those who did the choosing. [It] turns away from any idea that government and those who serve it are omnipotent. It is . . . impossible to follow unless we have faith in the collective wisdom and genius of the people. . . . Government will lead but not rule, listen but not lecture. It is the path of a Creative Society. . . If this is a dream, it is a good dream. . . . Let this day mark the beginning."

The beginning, in fact, came a few days later, and in a way it was also the beginning of the end. The first decree of the Creative Society was (in the form of an offhand remark by the finance director) a recommendation that the budget for the nine University of California campuses and the 18 state colleges be drastically reduced. The university regents had requested $278 million in state funds; Reagan proposed $196.5-million. Furthermore, Reagan wanted students to pay tuition for the first time in modern history: not much – just a few hundred dollars or so, as a token of their participation in the expensive program of higher education. The regents, the college trustees, and the academic "community" reacted with instant fury. The cuts, they said, would reduce University enrollment by 22,400 students (90,000 are expected in September), and might necessitate the closing of three campuses. The colleges would be similarly crippled. University President Clark Kerr and College President Glenn Dumke retaliated by closing all admissions for the next term, in order to bring the impact of the cuts home.

Students marched, faculties raged. *The Los Angeles Times*, perhaps more than any other single institution the epitome of the California "establishment," roundly attacked the governor whose election it had, a bit reluctantly, supported.

"Governor Reagan jumped most heavily on the University, possibly because of public resentment over disorders on the Berkeley campus," a *Times* editorial said. (It did not say that the paper had helped prepare that resentment.) It called the cuts "false economy," and a "repeal" of the semi-sacred Master Plan of Higher Education. "No substantial reductions will be possible in the higher-education budget if the quality of such education is to be maintained and expanded."

If Reagan had appeased the people, he had also alienated the major economic interests. California corporatism, perhaps more than any other state's, relies heavily on the production of technicians and intellectuals to support its "infrastructure." Huge technological parks go up around every new campus, the better to feed off the state-subsidized resources. California's agri-business, the richest in the country, owes much to the technology developed in subsidized research.

Either Reagan had completely misunderstood the nature of the power structure in California, or he really thought he could bring it to its knees. As if the budget cuts and the tuition plan were not bad enough, he compounded the antagonism by helping the regents out-flank Clark Kerr, and then fire him from the university presidency. Reagan deserves only a measure of blame, but it was hard to separate the internal politics of the affair from Reagan's pattern of "attacks" on the educational system. For a while, Reagan rode the hobby horse of anti-intellectualism; the state, he said, should not be "subsidizing intellectual curiosity." There were too many silly courses, like the one at Davis which taught students how to demonstrate and burn the governor in effigy (it actually was a seminar in the history of nonviolent change). But in the end, all the attacks were pointless. The regents voted against

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tuition, Reagan began "revising" his budget recommendations to a point where they were only $10 million from the regents' figure, and he hardly said another word – publicly or at regents' board meetings where he sits – about higher education.

Bloodied and only slightly bowed, Reagan still had one or two more revolutionary acts to attempt before retiring. His second massive budget cut was in the administration of mental hospitals. Their population had been declining (40 percent in three years), largely because of improved therapy and the use of outpatient clinics. Reagan proposed elimination of 3,700 jobs at the hospitals, the closing of 14 state outpatient clinics, and the assumption of community mental health care by county centers. The state would save $17.7 million (although there would be an added burden on property taxpayers, as there would if those who were denied or could not afford to go to the university and colleges went instead to community junior colleges).

Again the established interests reacted violently. "First Reagan stood in the schoolhouse door," an economist said later. "Then he stood in the nuthouse door." Reagan was accused of reviving the "snake pit" and of disregarding the unfortunates of society. The *Times*, which had originally commended the cuts, called Reagan's plan to give some patients the work of fired employees "repugnant."

Slowly, and with elaborate rationalization, Reagan began to cave in on mental health as he did on higher education. His executive assistant, Philip Battaglia, announced that 800 jobs previously eliminated would be restored. Instead of firings, there would be "phasing out." Reagan then developed a new interest in community health care, and declared that it was not he but those who wanted to maintain the old "warehouse" style of hospital care who were responsible for the snake pits.

A Prophetic Mission

Both education and mental health were right-wing issues, but Reagan had more in mind than political pandering. He felt he had a prophetic mission to cut the budget, and 57 percent of the cutable funds are lodged in those two areas (83 percent are in education and welfare as a whole). Reagan's ideas on finances were not original. Gov. James Rhodes began a similar program in Ohio in 1963, and sold the package, in modified form, to Governor Romney in Michigan and Gov. Dan Evans in Washington. Shortly after his inauguration, Reagan met with Rhodes' finance director, Richard Krabach, who explained how he had fired 5,000 state employees, slashed Ohio's budget 9.1 percent across the board, and set up a volunteer task force of businessmen to review state operations, resulting in savings of $68 million.

Reagan and his finance director, a Los Angeles management consultant named Gordon Paul Smith, loved the ideas. They quickly followed suit, upping the stakes in proportion to California's needs. They ordered budget cuts of 10 percent for all agencies, trimmed more off education and welfare, froze employment at current levels (eliminating 4,514 new jobs), and appointed their own task force of 200 businessmen, most of whose names were kept secret because (the chairman said) "a lot of people will try to contact them to try to sell things . . . and tell them how to conduct the study."

Reagan promised to "squeeze, cut and trim" the budget, and after a tremendous expenditure of energy he came up with a low, low $4.6 billion figure, slightly higher than Pat Brown's last effort (although Brown later added more funds). But one thing led to another, and before Reagan was through, he himself had added another $434 million – for a state low-income medical plan, for property tax relief for local school districts, and for much of what he had (in his inaugural speech) attacked as "just goodies dreamed up for our supposed betterment." On June 30, just before the midnight deadline, he signed a $5.93 billion budget, $38 million larger than he had even proposed. He felt compelled to make only relatively small blue-pencil vetoes, and only token cuts in the education figure.

Reagan was discovering, rather late in the first reel, that the "goodies" served the interests of the big free enterprisers as well as the creeping socialists – and perhaps there wasn't that much difference between them. The technology companies, the aerospace industry, and to some extent the banks and utilities have more than a passing concern with social services. In many cases, they are eager to get into the market themselves. Under the Brown administration, the (lagging) aerospace corporations began developing ambitious programs to analyze and direct pollution control, highway projects, prison reform, welfare, crime reduction, and of course education on all levels. To restrict expansion in those areas, Reagan would have to risk alienating the men who run (and, eventually, the stockholders who own) Litton Industries, or the Bank of America, or the big data processors. In the modern corporatist state it is impossible to separate out the powers in business from those in health, education and welfare. For example, Dr. (of medicine) Franklin Murphy, the chancellor of UCLA, is also one of the most influential directors of the Ford Motor Company, and sits on the boards of such diverse companies as McCalls and Hallmark.

So Reagan was stuck with the biggest budget in the history of any state in the nation, and to finance it he came up with the biggest tax increase – $946 mil-

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lion – that any governor had ever proposed. Like his original budget, it was weighted, although not entirely devoted, to the interests of his new working-class base. It called for a 98 percent ("temporary") rise in income taxes, to come primarily from the upper brackets. There was an 18 percent rise in corporate taxes, and a 10 percent increase in the tax on banks. Reagan called for an increase in the sales tax (to five percent) but he also extended it to commercial purchases of gas and electricity, and to other business sales (he succeeded in infuriating the big agricultural packers by advocating a tax on containers). Moreover, he refused to eliminate the cumbersome business inventory tax (each year firms have to pay taxes on the value of their stocks) and he kept his promise to relieve the local property tax burden by giving state subsidies. He refused to include a provision for withholding income tax on a regular basis; people ought to "feel" the pain of taxes, he said.

The Moderates' Program

"Moderate" Republicans and Democrats in the legislature responded by submitting their own tax plan, which would get things back on a proper footing again by concentrating on hitting the poorer people in the society. The moderates' program would also include sales and corporation tax increases, but it would eliminate the inventory tax and substitute an across-the-board 60 percent surcharge on income tax, instead of the complex formula Reagan wanted. And it would institute withholding.

The tax bill was still in legislative committee last week, but Reagan was ready to cave in on the essential matter of the income tax, and he was willing to suspend the plan for property tax relief. Slowly Governor Reagan was becoming a good liberal corporatist.

It would be a mistake to see Reagan as a neo-populist reformer, doing battle with the fat cats in the interests of the poor. Although some of those attitudes seem to crop up in every California administration since Hiram Johnson's, there is ample evidence that Reagan does not much care about the poor. His base was simply the not-rich. His welfare program is almost nonexistent. He wants to close many of the centers which Brown set up after the Watts revolt to centralize state services. To get people off the welfare dole, a very progressive objective, he would rely almost entirely on the kind of job training and placement service set up by H. C. "Chad" McClellan in Watts. McClellan, a former president of the National Association of Manufacturers and an Eisenhower undersecretary of Commerce, thinks that private enterprise can clean up poor Negroes, change their "attitudes" and their accents, and give them decent jobs in the mainstream economy. He claims to have turned the trick with fully half of the unemployed in the Watts "curfew" area. But his statistics, not to mention his assumptions, are open to broad attack and a great deal of suspicion, and it is hard for most antipoverty workers to believe that his kind of program can make a difference; probably not more than five percent of those on welfare are "employable" in any significant sense.

Reagan made McClellan director of employment. The idea of a NAM president overseeing the labor market was a good example of Reagan's early appointment philosophy. His savings and loan commissioner had been a consultant to the council of savings and loan banks; his real estate commissioner was an open advocate of repeal of the fair housing law; an appointee to the Board of Education (later withdrawn) was a San Diego doctor who had overthrown a local school board in a recall election on a platform of prayers for the classroom; the agricultural commissioner was a rancher and member of the Right to Work Committee; the labor commissioner is a businessman, and the industrial relations commissioner is a former corporation executive and management consultant. His clemency commissioner is a former assistant DA in Oakland who made brief (and minor) headlines last year by helping the House Un-American Activities Committee prepare its case against the Berkeley war protestors. Some of Reagan's appointments were more reasonable; he made many good choices in areas of conservation and resource development – highly important to the hemmed-in basin-dwellers in the Southland. But the overall statistics are revealing: of Reagan's first 30 appointees, 11 were ranchers and 12 were financial types.

It is hard to place all the appointees in a single political bag, but many legislators – who watch the appointments closely – get the impression that there are two groups, and that a change has come about from the early "team" members to the later. The first represented the interests of the Southern California ideologues; they were for budget cuts, low taxes, slight economic manipulation. Many were big businessmen, but their interests were either personalistic or confined to the state. Reagan's original advisers were wealthy Southern California entrepreneuers: Holmes Tuttle, a Ford dealer; Henry Salvatori, a Goldwater financier and an oil industry man; the late Cy Rubel, president of a local oil company; and filmland egotists without number. Reagan had some support from the big utilities, the banks and the savings and loan companies, all of which are heavily regulated and traditionally throw their weight around the politics of both parties. Reagan has begun to please them more and more; he recently spoke quite out of turn for a telephone rate increase, which won't sit well with old friends in the suburbs.

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The aerospace, electronics and national manufacturing industries had to be convinced that Reagan would look out for them. After a while, he started sending them signals. His budget was expansionist, and so was his tax bill. He gave in on the deepest cuts for education and on tuition and he promised a scholarship program if tuition ever goes through. He backed down on mental health, and he seemed uninterested in pushing for legislation that might be considered anti-union, or anti-civil liberties, or anti-civil rights (he will agree to "modification" instead of repeal of the Rumford open housing law). He consolidated his gains with the corporatists, finally, by filling up the survey "task force" from their ranks.

"The education and the mental health things were just sops to those right-wingers down South," one liberal Republican legislator said privately a few weeks ago. "He stopped that kind of stuff a while ago. Now he throws them a few words or promises, and his political maneuvers don't mean much. He'll still talk about riots, and capital punishment, and the beatniks, and pornography, but he's finking out on his shock troops. Ronnie's people don't want the right-wing around them. Spencer and Roberts [the PR firm that handled Reagan's campaign] culled the kooks out of the campaign structure, and they're isolated. Some of the organized Right here – and all of it outside California – still think they've got a man on a white horse. But a lot of his fanatics are disillusioned, and some are jumping on the Wallace-for-President bandwagon."

The most prominent dropout has been State Senator John G. Schmitz, the one "avowed" Birch Society member in the senate, who represents part of Orange County, the Bavarian heartland of Reaganism. Utterly shattered by the governor's budget and tax program, he declared it "a tragic end to the brightest hope on the American political scene today," and a betrayal of "the campaign promises which Governor Reagan kept during the first two months of his administration." Sighing the long sad sigh well known to so many on the Left who have seen their heroes turn away from the gates of paradise, Schmitz predicted that "many of the best of our citizens may never again be willing to trust the word of a seeker or holder of high political office."

A Kind of Hubert Humphrey

So Ronald Reagan turns out to be a kind of Hubert Humphrey of the right, and for the same familiar reasons. He keeps the ideological rhetoric flowing, and he may fool himself by promoting programs he feels will do "some good" and take a "first step" toward the old radical objectives. But his main function is to disarm his most trusting troops, by adopting their words and never giving them the goods. He rationalizes his own position by calling himself a pragmatist, and may even believe that he is working from the inside. But he is out for himself alone.

For Reagan, like Humphrey, that means national power. Reagan is campaigning for the Presidency, as anyone can see, and he is mending all the fences in sight. After a bad start, he is even cosying up to the legislature, which had its doubts. One Republican said recently, "there are three big phonies in politics in this state – Sam Yorty [mayor of Los Angeles], Max Rafferty [education superintendent] and Ronald Reagan. At least Yorty and Rafferty are politicians." Reagan is getting along better with Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh, a brilliant politician of questionable allegiance, who is the leading Democrats extant in the state. Since flexibility and moderation are still new to him, Reagan may have some stylistic difficulties. Last month he flip-flopped so openly on the abortion issue (he finally signed a reform bill) that one right-wing opponent of the measure left the Reagan camp in disgust. "That guy's such a good actor," he said, "he plays Pat Brown better than Pat Brown."

Reagan has made his peace with Tom Kuchel, but it was not easy for either man. Reagan supported Kuchel's primary opponent in 1962; Kuchel supported Christopher against Reagan, and "went fishing" in the general election. Now Reagan wants party unity more than anything. He told a distinctly hostile convention of right-wing Republicans recently that they should support the "candidates chosen by the entire party in the primary," and avoid "narrow sectarianism" at the risk of going down in a "blaze of glorious defeat." The same group had very nearly accused Kuchel of treason. Reagan's men are quietly telling the big-money sources to boycott Max Rafferty's campaign to oppose Kuchel in the Senate primary next year.

Reagan's aides are practically falling over themselves preparing the presidential strategy. They like this scenario: the already deflated Romney boom collapses, and his support goes to Rockefeller. Percy can't get enough exposure quick enough to get a boom going. Nixon loses a few crucial primaries, Reagan does well in Nebraska and Oregon, and he consolidates the middle and right of the party. Those are the people who work hardest and vote in greatest numbers. Goldwater and the western governors (11 of the 13 in the region are Republican) swing to Reagan, and he goes into the convention battling with Rockefeller. There, it will be a tough contest, but if worse comes to worst, Reagan will accept the vice presidential nomination. Nationally, it would be a strong ticket, and even California liberals would be attracted.

"Of course," one legislator said not long ago, "I'm for Reagan for vice president. We all are. Anything to get him out of California."

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN *Real and Otherwise*

This collection of Julio Cortázar's stories* is the first book of his that I have read, but I think I am not out of chronological order. His two novels, *The Winners* and *Hopscotch*, translated and published here in 1965 and 1966, were, I infer from book jackets, written after he wrote three volumes of stories. This latest book to be translated here is drawn from those three earliest books.

Some of these fifteen stories justify some of the high praise I have read of Cortázar. They are quickly and credibly complex, mysterious, sad, bizarre. A few of the stories, like the title piece, seem to me to go through a mimesis of significance without really signifying much. And, unfortunately, the longest piece in the book – a novella called "The Pursuer" – is outstandingly the worst: a juvenile and crude story about a jazz critic in Paris and an American jazz musician. Overtones are attempted about the relation between creator and commentator, but it comes out a thin imitation of that spate of fiction in the last thirty years about jazzmen who have to blow it true or die, and who almost always do both.

Cortázar is an Argentinian, born in 1914, who has lived in Paris since 1952, and his work reflects both his origin and domicile. He writes in Spanish and therefore, as far as we are concerned, is at the mercy of his translators; so before discussing other aspects of the stories, let us look at the medium through which they reach us: Paul Blackburn's translation. The curious fact is that Blackburn's work is sensitive when the stories are good and jarringly clumsy when they are bad. Here is Blackburn at his cursive best:

> "As I had nothing else to do, I had more than enough time to wonder why the boy was so nervous, like a young colt or a hare, sticking his hands into his pockets, taking them out immediately, one after the other, running his fingers through his hair, changing his stance, and especially why was he afraid, well, you could guess that from every gesture, a fear suffocated by shyness, an impulse to step backwards which he telegraphed, his body standing as if it were on the edge of flight, holding itself back in a final, pitiful decorum."

Yet this is the same translator who writes: "I'm sensitive enough a jazz critic when it comes to understanding my limitations" and who has done little to improve his author's second-hand knowledge of American slang or his incongruous diction. It is as if the inferior stories had sapped Blackburn's interest.

But the good stories, which are also the well-rendered ones, comprise more than half the book. Cortázar's obsessions are the intangibly oppressive, the inexplicably compelling, the imaginary, the contradictions between the imagination and the seeming world, as well as the contradictions within the imagination itself – in short, the subject of conflicting realities. The good stories are steeped in a melancholy which, so to speak, Cortázar earns. That is, he does not assume that he has a citizen's right to malaise as an inhabitant of the mid-20th century, along with the right to free speech and due process of law. The melancholic atmosphere is legitimate; it seems to have existed before the story begins. These stories would be different if there had never been a Svevo or Kafka or Machado de Assis, but Cortázar is more than a synthesizer: he has a concern and a voice of his own.

Two of the stories deal with identities that are exchanged through intensity of imagination. A man goes to the aquarium so often to watch a strange fish that he finally becomes (or imagines he is) the fish watching the man. A woman dreams of a beggar woman on a bridge in Budapest where she has never been. When she arrives in Budapest, she meets the beggar woman, they embrace, then she remains on the bridge and watches herself walk away. In a variation of this theme, a man sees a boy on a Paris bus who looks like him and figuratively adopts him as his son; the boy becomes his immortality. When the boy dies, the persistence of nature, as represented by a yellow flower – the immortality of nature as against the mortality of any one man – drives the man to become a drunkard.

Not all the good stories are touched with fantasy, but whether or not the story is realistic, the response to detail is remarkable. In a dance hall:

> "They use peroxide, too, dark girls raising a rigid ear of corn over the heavy earth of their faces; they even practice blond expressions, wear green dresses, convince themselves that they are authentic, manage even to condescend and scorn the girls who keep their natural color."

This collection contains the story, of the same name, on which Michelangelo Antonioni based his latest film *Blow-Up*. Comparison is fascinating. The only resemblance between the story and the film is the fundamental idea – a photograph taken in relative innocence later reveals to the photographer a non-innocent fact. Cortázar's hero, unlike Antonioni's, is only an amateur photographer. On a Paris quay one day he takes a picture of a woman and a boy. (Antonioni reversed the age relationship.) In the background is a parked car with a man at the wheel. The narrator photographs what he thinks is the beginning of a seduction; he thinks the woman is taking the boy

(Continued on page 36)

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer months, The New Republic will not appear on:

July 29

August 12 *August 26*

Weekly publication will be resumed with the issue dated September 2

* *End of the Game* by Julio Cortázar (Pantheon; $5.95)

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JFK's Foreign Policy

by James C. Thomson Jr.

A recurrent question put to many of us who served in Washington while the Vietnam tragedy unfolded was "Why doesn't anyone ever resign in protest?"

Well, Roger Hilsman did in February 1964, though in the American fashion, with mutual expressions of regard. He had fought hard to prevent military escalation of the conflict, and he had made important enemies ("a boy scout with brass knuckles," said one ambivalent colleague). But he had one crucial ally in John F. Kennedy. And with Kennedy's death, Hilsman was in trouble. In January Vietnam was removed from his purview as Far East Assistant Secretary. Target planning for the bombing of the North was authorized by the new President. The handwriting was on the wall. Out went Hilsman (my boss at the time) – gracefully, though just barely.

To Move a Nation
The Politics of Foreign Policy in the Administration of John F. Kennedy
by Roger Hilsman
(Doubleday; $6.95)

And now we have Roger Hilsman's story. It is a remarkable book, worth the wait. Part history, part memoir, and part political theory, it is precisely what the subtitle claims: a study of "the politics of foreign policy" in the Kennedy years.

"Policy-making is politics," we are told at the outset. And the manifold Hilsman – West Pointer, World War II guerrilla fighter, PhD, bureaucrat, and now Columbia professor – proceeds to prove the point with a selection of six case studies. I know of no exploration of very recent history that reveals in greater detail, or with more lucid analysis, the organic process of policy-making in foreign affairs. It does so, furthermore, with pace and vigor – a deft balance of high drama, quiet reflection, learned exposition, and anecdotalism.

Hilsman's is by no means the final word on any of his subjects – Laos, Cuba II, the Congo, China policy, Indonesia, and, of course, Vietnam. We are dealing, as usual, with an elephant, and Hilsman is merely the most recent blind man. Still, the portion of the creature he describes – and the conclusions he draws – will be central to the debate for some time to come.

Aside from Vietnam – to which we will return – the biggest revelation of this volume is the fluid and volatile process by which "policy" and "decisions" come into being and the paramount role of individuals, agencies, and constituencies *in conflict* – yet straining toward agreement. (A far cry from the bureaucratic monolith that Department and White House spokesmen seek to sustain at press briefings; but also a far cry from the simplistic hawk/dove, good-guy/bad-guy dichotomy served up by some journalists.)

Once again one appreciates the primacy of people over procedures (a point Secretary Rusk long ago rejected in his famous article on the Presidency in *Foreign Affairs* – one reason why Kennedy should not have been surprised by the Department's unresponsiveness under Rusk's stewardship). One appreciates as well the high costs of "closed politics," when real expertise is banished from decision-making on the most sensitive of issues (for instance, the Bay of Pigs invasion; or latterly, Vietnam decisions). And one appreciates the persistence, multifariousness, and value of "leaks" as a necessary part of the policy-making process. Hilsman's opening and closing sections on the structure and nature of decision-making in foreign affairs ring very true – and seem remarkably fresh.

So much for the process. What of the record itself?

Roger Hilsman is an unabashed *Kennedisto*. John Kennedy was to him not only a leader but "a hero as well," as he tells us in his closing paragraph. "In my admittedly committed view," he also writes, "President Kennedy did not make many serious errors in foreign policy. But he did make some." Hilsman cites the Bay of Pigs, a crisis which the current volume treats only in passing; "closed politics" apparently closed out both Hilsman and his Bureau of Intelligence and Research on this one. There may well have been errors, he adds, in areas outside his domain (*e.g.*, Europe, the Middle East, Latin America). But Laos, the Congo, Indonesia, Cuba II, and even China policy are listed as "successes." So is Vietnam – with the "possible exception," says Hilsman, of Kennedy's appointments of General Harkins and Ambassador Lodge.

This is an overall judgment that requires some scrutiny. Most of us have forgotten about the Congo, Laos and Sukarno's Indonesia; even the Cuban missile crisis has receded. Most of us never knew much about Kennedy's China policy – except for the wise and courageous San Francisco speech that Hilsman himself gave on China three weeks after the assassination (a speech whose conciliatory promise began to be implemented by the Johnson Administration in the first months of 1966). But there remains the rather fantastic problem of Vietnam. Does it belong in the column of strategic successes (even without the Hilsman proviso)? More bluntly, how much of today's very big war could have been prevented from 1961 through the end of 1963?

Hilsman's thesis is roughly this:

Kennedy inherited a Vietnam commitment, albeit a limited one – to help the South Vietnamese fight their own battle against the "new," "subterranean" threat from communism, namely guerrilla war. This threat was primarily political, in the fullest sense, not military; and it required a response that put political, economic, and social programs in the forefront, sustained

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Prelude to a world war:

a lesson for peace-keeping organizations

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by a highly unconventional program of counter-guerrilla warfare. The key was "pacification": the slow, gradual spreading (in "oil-blot" fashion) of clusters and networks of secure hamlets and villages throughout the Vietnam countryside. The goal was to deny the people to the guerrillas (in Mao's lingo, to deny the sea to the fish). One would thereby provide the apathetic mass of the rural population with the possibility of *choice* between cooperation with the guerrillas and loyalty to Saigon (a non-existent choice when Saigon could provide no protection against communist terrorism).

This overall strategic concept, says Hilsman, though early understood and accepted by Kennedy, was neither understood nor accepted by many of Kennedy's advisers. In the forefront of the opposition stood the Pentagon, whose thinking was colored not only by the traditions of conventional warfare but by a post-Korean War conviction that the US should "never again" get trapped in a situation of limited war in Asia. This "Never Again Club" – previously described by Joseph Kraft and others – held that American military involvement in Asia should either be unfettered (*i.e.*, should make full use of air power and, if necessary, nuclear weapons) or else should be avoided entirely. Such thinking was aided and abetted by a natural disposition on the part of military men to regard Vietnam as a military problem, not a political problem. General Earle G. Wheeler, later to become Chairman of the JCS, said in his Fordham speech of November 7, 1962: "It is fashionable in some quarters to say that the problems in Southeast Asia are primarily political and economic rather than military. I do not agree. The essence of the problem in Vietnam is military."

Furthermore, such thinking received a continuing assist from key civilians in the Administration. From 1961 onward Secretary Rusk showed a baffling and persistent "reluctance to have the State Department take the lead in decisions about Vietnam." (At the time of Hilsman's appointment to the Far East Bureau, Rusk warned him not to interfere in military and strategic matters; the White House is said to have countermanded this order: "The President wants you to understand that it was precisely because you have stood up to the Defense Department that you were chosen, and that he expects you to continue.")

The upshot of all this, reports Hilsman: a continuing struggle from 1961-'63, between those who sought a military solution both inside and outside South Vietnam (Mr. W. W. Rostow is said to have advocated bombing the North as early as 1961) and those who sought a political solution through systematic pacification and counter-insurgency programs in the South. The latter group generally prevailed, until the death of Kennedy.

The President was well aware of the bureaucratic struggle (Vietnam posed "the most divisive issue in the Kennedy Administration," according to McGeorge Bundy). He was particularly aware of pressures for escalation. It was Kennedy himself who told Hilsman, with prophetic wryness, "No matter what goes wrong or whose fault it really is, the argument will be that the communists have stepped up their infiltration and we can't win unless we hit the north. Those trails are a built-in excuse for failure, and a built-in argument for escalation."

This, then, is the Hilsman thesis. Its epilogue is that the proponents of a military solution have been in the saddle ever since Kennedy's death – and that the shift to air strikes in both North and South, as well as the massive deployment of US combat forces, have distorted and transformed the original commitment and strategy in ways that Kennedy would never have permitted.

Yet throughout Hilsman's analysis – and throughout the Kennedy response to the Vietnam crisis – there are deeper questions that are seldom if ever raised. The man who comes closest to raising them, in the Hilsman account, is Attorney General Robert Kennedy, at a National Security Council meeting in September 1963:

> "The first and fundamental question, he felt, was what we were doing in Vietnam. As he understood it, we were there to help the people resisting a Communist take-over. The first question was whether a

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Communist take-over could be successfully resisted with any government. If it could not, now was the time to get out of Vietnam entirely, rather than waiting. If the answer was that it could, but not with a Diem-Nhu government as it was now constituted, we owed it to the people resisting Communism in Vietnam to give Lodge enough sanctions to bring changes that would permit successful resistance. But the basic question of whether a Communist take-over could be successfully resisted with any government had not been answered, and he was not sure that anyone had enough information to answer it."

Nor, one must add, was that question, so rarely asked, ever answered. The politics of policy-making were focused on narrower issues. Too many people had too much at stake in proving specific points: the efficacy of counter-insurgency (Hilsman); the irreplaceability of Diem (Ambassador Nolting); the omnicompetence of our military, if properly unleashed (the JCS); the reliability of the statistical approach (McNamara); the invincibility of American will and American power, once committed (maybe everyone).

In retrospect, what seems lacking was a dispassionate analysis of the stakes, the issues, the acceptable cost limits of our commitment, above all, a clear sense of history.

It is all very well to try out new theories of response to instability, to communism, to aggression, to subversion, or what have you. But it seems wise to choose your ground. The ground we chose in Vietnam for a test of such theories – and for a test, under Kennedy's successor, of our "national honor" – was just about as unpromising as anyone could have dreamed up.

We are told that the choice of ground is the aggressor's, not ours, in all such situations, and that this is a hard fact of Free World life. That is surely true; but there are some places you choose to put all your marbles; some places you put a few marbles, and some places you simply don't (Romania, for instance). Vietnam, for anyone who knew much about the history of French rule and misrule, or about the early capture

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by indigenous communists of the nationalist revolution, would rank as an emphatic *don't*. This despite the obvious fact that we would infinitely prefer that no countries undergo the agony of communist rule.

How then can we explain the process that brought us ever deeper into the quicksand even under Kennedy (16,000 American "advisers" there at the time of his death)?

In part, the fault lies with what Arthur Schlesinger calls the "politics of inadvertence" – one *ad hoc* decision by able but harassed men leading to another. In part, too, the legacy of the fifties saddled the Kennedy Administration with a simplistic perception of monolithic Asian communism that was only corrected too late by the realities of Asian nationalism. The Viet Minh were seen as primarily an arm of the Chinese threat, and China-on-the-march still colored our vision after the trauma of the Korean War (where, as we now know, Chinese intervention came only as a product of inadequate communication and miscalculation on both sides).

As a result, we tended to see Vietnam as "another Korea," though more sinister since the danger was "aggression through subversion;" or at least, as a mixture between Korea and Malaya, though it was actually neither. And we also saw it as the supreme test of Mao's thesis on "wars of national liberation." We gave both Mao and China all the credit they demanded, far more than they deserved – and blinded ourselves to the reality of *Vietnam's uniqueness:* Ho Chi Minh's forty-year struggle for national independence and Vietnamese unity under the banner of communism; incredible French blunders and shortsightedness; the temporary nature of the 1954 Geneva settlement; and the labyrinthine complexities of Vietnamese politics. Add to this the residue of the domino theory – a fallacy based on the assumption that all Asian sections act alike (perhaps because all Asians look alike?).

Yet by early 1962 even the Department of State had grasped the significance of a new reality: the Sino-Soviet split, and the breakdown of worldwide monolithic communism, predictably in Asia as well. Surely someone in government must have wondered if a neutralized South Vietnam – even a communist-controlled South Vietnam – would really pose a significant threat to our strategic interests in Asia? And surely someone must have warned of the intolerable price of open-ended US commitment to such a swamp.

Some did. I know of at least one case (cited briefly by Hilsman). In the spring of 1962 Chester Bowles (then, in effect, Ambassador-at-Large) proposed to Mr. Rusk and the President that the Administration make an all-out attempt at a negotiated settlement of the Vietnam war and, simultaneously, the neutralization of all Southeast Asia (with Thailand and North Vietnam either included or else left intact as balancing aligned powers). Bowles warned, in words that seemed to me a ludicrous overstatement at the time, that unless such a settlement were achieved, Vietnam would escalate into a major American war that would cause formidable problems to Kennedy and the Democratic Party in the 1964 and 1968 elections.

The Bowles proposals were chewed to bits by earnest nay-sayers in the bureaucracy. Hilsman reports his sense of President Kennedy's reaction: "He accepted the concept as a farseeing expression of the ultimate goal for Southeast Asia toward which we should work, but . . . its time had not yet come."

One can only wonder at the price that must be paid before "its time" will come. A 1962 settlement along Bowles' lines might have involved moving mountains (and perhaps even removing one or two – Diem?); but it was never attempted. The concept of a negotiated Vietnam settlement seems to have remained anathema to the top echelons of the government – until President Johnson, post air-strikes, first proposed "unconditional discussions" in April 1965 (hence the rejection of the U Thant-Stevenson initiative in the autumn of 1964). Even Hilsman was opposed to "premature" negotiations: "If negotiations took place before there had been progress in winning the allegiance of the peasants, especially in the delta, the result would be the neutralization of Vietnam, which in those circumstances would be tantamount to the Viet Cong taking over completely." After surveying the costs to Vietnamese and Americans alike of the escalatory course pursued since 1964, one is tempted to ask: So what?

As for the Kennedy-Hilsman alternative of counter-insurgency gradualism in the South, there are other costs to be calculated. With the very best of intentions, techniques, and luck, how long would the oil-blot "pacification" of South Vietnam have taken? Five – eight – twelve years? And how long would the American electorate have stood for such a slow, gruelling, unpromising involvement? The up-or-out pressures would have been quadrennial at the least, and probably irresistible.

I return, finally, to Robert Kennedy's unanswered question: Whether a communist take-over in South Vietnam could be successfully resisted with any government? Yes, I assume, through long-term and full-fledged US occupation of South Vietnam. Which seems to be where we have ended up – if the escalationists permit, and if the American electorate permits. Two very big ifs.

One wonders, then, if Kennedy's Vietnam policy can be called a "success."

But Hilsman's dispassionate and candid discussion of it is an invaluable contribution to the unravelling of one of the darker skeins of our history. His instincts were righter than most when he was in office. On Vietnam – as on his other subjects – Hilsman, out of office, now offers us not only some extraordinary insights into the recent past but also a code book for the deciphering of present and future headlines.

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MOVIES

Consumer Guidance

I had a good time at *You Only Live Twice* but I can't really write about it, because it's not a subject for criticism but for consumer guidance. It's "a good buy," the best package of entertainment that skill and ingenuity and money can provide, and this product can be easily differentiated from the other James Bond movies because it's the Japanese one. *You Only Live Twice*, more consistently entertaining than its predecessors, is probably the best of the Bonds to date – not so startling as parts of *Goldfinger* but much superior to *Thunderball*. Ken Adam's science-fiction production designs seem almost perfectly calculated for the genre: not so fantastic that the director would have to think up new ways to use them, but so much more elegant than the other ingredients that they provide a witty contrast to the action. Lewis Gilbert, a no more imaginative director than his predecessors, though rather more humanistic, is a reasonably efficient traffic manager who doesn't let the actors loiter on the sets too long. Connery isn't that sleek, greasy-lipped dummy of the earlier films; walking through the role fairly casually, he's beginning to seem more like a person. The Roald Dahl screenplay (out of Jules Verne and old movies) is clever enough, though I could have done without the oyster joke that gets the tired chortles and I think perhaps it's time to abandon the big shoot-em-up finale. Destruction sequences are becoming as predictable as the final production numbers in musicals.

You Only Live Twice – United Artists
Casino Royale – Columbia
Gunn – Paramount
The Naked Runner – Warner Brothers
The Happening – Columbia
Caprice – 20th Century-Fox
To Sir With Love – Columbia
Up the Down Staircase – Warner Brothers
A Guide for the Married Man – 20th Century-Fox
Barefoot in the Park – Paramount

You Only Live Twice has a professionalism about it that makes you recognize how poor most of the imitations are. The Charles K. Feldman *Casino Royale*, with multiple directors and Bonds, has some laughs, but it's a big, forgettable mess. And it makes one terribly conscious of wastefulness – the jokes and plots and possibilities thrown away along with the huge, unnecessary sets, and so many good performers spinning by. The best excuse for seeing it is that Woody Allen, toward the end, has his best moments yet on film (though he doesn't need that masochistic appeal of telling us he's unattractive – an appeal which *does* make him unattractive).

As the various spy spoof series have gone on, the characteristics of the actors (as well as the directors' styles) have begun to alter the original material. The more casual, human Bond of *You Only Live Twice* is, compared to the earlier Bond, rather tender in his sex relationships – one might almost call them love relationships this time.

The imitations of Bond last year included *Our Man Flint* and the better, more open sex fantasy, *The Silencers*. Although they were basically the same comic-strip picture (with, however, some good direction by Phil Karlson and comedy by Stella Stevens in *The Silencers*), many of the critics who applauded *Our Man Flint* attacked *The Silencers* as "dirty" and "smutty." Why? Maybe it's because *Our Man Flint* is more like Little Boy Flint: James Coburn as Flint is like a little boy stretched tall, and the movie is like a little boy's fantasies, with his little physical fitness exercises and all his little toys. When little boy Flint says firmly and properly that little girls aren't "pleasure units," it's true: although they're units, alright, and indistinguishable from one another, they don't give promise of pleasure. They come in teams of four – for little games. In *The Silencers*, there's no question about Dean Martin being grown-up. His Matt Helm – who is like a dirty-rich private eye – is just about over the hill, and that makes a lot of difference in the fantasy structure. Flint looked like a young Uncle Sam, and he was defending "American" values from attack. That made him seem both good and infantile – the kind of super-spy you could bring home to mother or the kind mother would like to bring home for you. While Connery has rebelled against the super-spy and has turned him into a man, Coburn, formerly an actor of talent and stature, seems to have been metamorphosed into Little Boy Flint. (Dean Martin and Matt Helm live together in perfect harmony.) The irony of the latest Bond is that Connery at the end of the road – he has stated he won't play the role again – has made *You Only Live Twice better* by playing the super-hero as a paunchy, rather bemused spectator – which is more character than James Bond ever had before. Connery could

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easily dominate the role, but probably he's too much of an actor to settle for such easy victories.

People used to say, "My wife (or husband) doesn't understand me," and you could believe it because what was there to understand? Then the line became, "My wife (or husband) doesn't satisfy me," and you could believe it because if you got to know them better you discovered they didn't have much to satisfy. Movie stars like to say, "Acting doesn't give me a chance to express my full creativity. I plan to direct in a few years. . . ." And you can believe that, too – the same way. It's a great come-on, but how can actors look at new movies and think the director is expressing any more than they are?

For the past couple of years, whenever someone says, "I've just seen the worst movie ever made," I ask, "Is it really worse than *The Satan Bug*?" I guess I shouldn't have walked out on Blake Edwards' *Gunn*, because I think it might have provided a new low base, but it would be cheating to use a film one didn't see all the way through. Sidney J. Furie's *The Naked Runner* may not be worse than *The Satan Bug*, but it's about as stupefying. It's a Frank Sinatra production, starring Sinatra. Which raises the question: why has Sinatra not developed the professional pride in his movies that he takes in his recordings? *The Naked Runner* might be a good movie to read by if there were light in the theater. Did Sinatra read the Stanley Mann script? An implausible, unconvincing spy story without a single witty idea, and the star's role that of an anxious lifeless mouse. Sinatra wouldn't come on that way to the television audience; why does he have so little regard for the movie audience? Did he ever look at the rushes and ask Furie what he thought he was doing? Enormous vistas for small bits of dialogue, closeups of cups of creamy brown coffee, fancy simulations of Magritte. What on earth for? Done straightforwardly this movie would still be nothing, but it would be half the length. It's stretched out by having the characters address each other as *Mr.* So-and-So, and it's full of footsteps: they should have been the audience leaving.

Elliot Silverstein's *The Happening* would be in competition except that George Maharis has a couple of funny moments. There's a good idea (about a kidnap victim discovering no one wants to ransom him) buried in this, though it's the same idea that was buried in the 1959 English comedy, *Too Many Crooks*. The biggest laugh in *The Happening* comes when Anthony Quinn says, "When you can't go to the bathroom, that's *trouble!*" I don't generally give a movie's jokes away, but if you miss *The Happening*, this should help you appreciate what you're missing.

Frank Tashlin's *Caprice* – somebody's idea of a big butch joke about the homosexual mafia – has a plot about spies and the cosmetic business and is right in there competing for the nadir, and with an unfair advantage – Doris Day. How many swan songs is a goose permitted? There's a funny bit by Michael J. Pollard, but Tashlin's frenzied inventiveness is becoming almost obscene – like robots diddling each other and giggling.

James Clavell's *To Sir With Love* is so feebly well-intentioned that, in charity, I would not mention it – except that the ads quote from critics saying things like, ". . . stand up and cheer" and "It's a beautiful movie and perfect from top to bottom. . . ." *To Sir With Love*

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is *Blackboard Jungle* with Sidney Poitier, this time as the teacher, and he reforms the whole bunch of English teenagers (and the other teachers, too). Poitier has been playing the ideal boy-next-door-who-happens-to-be-black for so long that he's always the same; he acts about as well in bad roles as in good ones. This self-inflicted stereotype of goodness is destroying a beautiful, graceful, and potentially brilliant actor. What can he do? He can't pass as a white man in order to play rats and cowards and sons of bitches, and if he plays Negro rats or cowards or sons of bitches he'll be attacked for doing Negroes harm. Yet if he goes on smiling much longer, the audience may begin laughing. I think he must take the risk of alienating some of the Negro audience. . . . Clavell, a novelist and scenarist, has never directed before; from this effort he appears capable of learning, but what a naïve start!

There's much less excuse for Robert Mulligan, who directed *Up the Down Staircase* – with Sandy Dennis blinking as if she'd taken pills and been awakened in the middle of the night. She reacts confusedly before the situations even develop, but the audience is ahead of her, anyway: it's *Blackboard Jungle* with a girl teacher. Even in her drugged state, Miss Dennis stumbles with what I assume is embarrassment on the obligatory speech: "I came here to teach. . . ." There are heavily pointed vignettes, peculiarly affectless readings from many of the actors, and a condescendingly coy score; there's almost no sense of the New York milieu.

Gene Kelly's *A Guide for the Married Man* – a series of skits on how to cheat on your wife – is coarsely awful, with a few nice pantomimic moments from Art Carney and Ben Blue. It's hard to know what's worse about this picture: the assumption that straying husbands want merely a change of flesh; or the camera's fixation on ass (and on bosoms that look like ass); or the this-movie-is-moral-after-all finish of the common-man at the higher income level (Walter Matthau) deciding he really loves his wife too much to be unfaithful. There is little love for man or woman in this sex comedy, which treats sex as one product among the dozens of others that are peddled by brand name in the picture.

There is at least one thing to say about *Barefoot in the Park*, directed by Gene Saks out of Neil Simon: it's better than *Any Wednesday*. This piffle, a set of variations without a theme, is almost amusing if you can give in to it, and it's harmlessly, pleasantly stupid. What Neil Simon hasn't gotten rid of yet are those terrible moments of dramatic untruth, "I love you very much" and "I want a divorce"; they crunch like nutshells in a candy bar. But I'm sure he's working on it, and soon he'll have a candy bar so perfectly digestible people won't know if they've eaten it or just seen an ad for it. PAULINE KAEL

TELEVISION

CBS on the Warren Report

During the week of June 25, on four successive evenings, CBS devoted a total of four hours to a reinvestigation of the Kennedy assassination. The first hour was a brilliant achievement, which demonstrated what an incomplete job the Warren Commission had done, and how much new light a second, more effective official inquiry could shed. After that, the more accustomed TV atmosphere closed in again, and things got evasive and fatuous.

The first program showed convincingly, taking full advantage of the visual medium, that three shots had been fired, and that Oswald's rifle could have fired all three from the Texas School Book Depository Building. The Commission thought it improbable that the first of these shots was fired when CBS showed it was, and hence proposed its famous one-bullet theory, according to which President Kennedy's first wound, and Governor Connally's three wounds were all inflicted by a single later shot. CBS gathered its evidence by running tests with a rifle like Oswald's that were more complex and more realistic than any the FBI bothered to do for the Commission. And although it was not allowed to show the crucial eyewitness film of the assassination taken by Abraham Zapruder – the film is owned and husbanded by *Life* – CBS discovered that at three approximately spaced frames, one of which corresponds to the last shot, which is actually shown hitting, the film indicates that the camera jumped slightly. So a camera would jump when held by a man who heard a shot, and so the film would invariably indicate on analysis. CBS proved this through an independent experiment, all the more conclusive since the men it had operating cameras *knew* – as Zapruder did not – that shots were coming, and still they could not help starting with each shot, slightly, but enough to leave a trace on the film just like the trace left by

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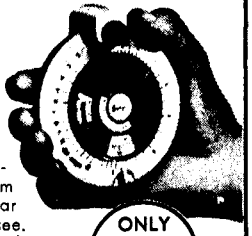

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Zapruder on his film when we know he heard a shot because he photographed it.

None of this so much as occurred to the Commission and its FBI experts. It is of the first importance, because it opens up, although it does not establish, an alternative to the Commission's very difficult single-bullet theory – an alternative consistent with Oswald's being the sole assassin. This alternative – at first accepted by the official autopsy doctors themselves – is that Oswald fired three shots, spaced as CBS has shown them to have been, and that the first hit the President just below the neck, the second wounded Governor Connally, and the third went to the President's head. But instead of pursuing the problems raised by this possibility, which the Commission never explored because its estimate of the possibility was, we now know, too low, CBS turned back to the one-bullet theory.

That theory could well do with a fresh look, and perhaps it could be made to hang together. In the attempt to support it, all CBS did – unwittingly, one supposes – was further to undermine the theory. The main prop of the theory are some tests done for the Commission. Bullets were fired into matter simulating human flesh and bone, to show that a single bullet could retain enough velocity to go through the President's neck, and then Governor Connally's chest and wrist and finally into his thigh. Well, CBS had the same expert do a more thorough set of tests than he did for the Commission. And what he reported on the air was that in none of his tests did the bullet "actually penetrate" as far as it was required to in order to support the theory, although "it would have taken very little more velocity to have caused a similar wound." In other words, the only significance of the tests was that they disproved the theory. But CBS had Walter Cronkite conclude, right in the next breath, that "our tests confirm that a single bullet could, indeed, have wounded both men." The non-sequitur of the year!

CBS followed with an interview of a new expert, Dr. William F. Enos, a pathologist at Northern Virginia Doctors' Hospital. Dr. Enos thought the theory more than dubious. "I would hesitate, really, to say that it's 100 percent impossible, but it is highly improbable." But Cronkite's verdict in behalf of CBS: "we are persuaded." By what? The other difficulty with the single-bullet hypothesis CBS evaded altogether – that there were more fragments left in Governor Connally than the bullet the Commission came up with was likely to have lost.

The third hour devoted some attention to District Attorney Garrison of New Orleans, who cuts a preposterous figure, and the fourth was largely taken up with a final assessment. The best of it was when Eric Sevareid told an audience which had seen John J. McCloy make a simple and obviously sincere defense of the Commission's disinterestedness and good faith, that the notion that such a man as Mr. McCloy would unwittingly distort or suppress decisive evidence about a presidential murder "is idiotic." Of course it is. But Mr. McCloy would not and did not claim that no mistakes were made, or that a better job could not have been done, nor even that it does not still need to be done.

That last claim, made with stunning complacency and with something bearing a close resemblance to cynicism, was left to Professor Henry Steele Commager, a man, said Walter Cronkite, "who looks into the American spirit." Having diagnosed a certain paranoid strain in the American spirit, but pretending to absolutely no judgment about the quality of the Warren investigation or about issues to which it may have given unsatisfactory answers, Mr. Commager could see no reason to suppose that anyone who disbelieved the first investigation would believe "a second, or a third, or a fourth" – no matter, presumably what it was able to prove, or how. "So I see no value, really, in another investigation." Truth, a nearer approach to truth? No value in that for this historian! He should have watched the first hour of this CBS Inquiry.

ALEXANDER M. BICKEL

MUSIC

Hamburger Heaven

During the last two weeks in June, the Hamburg State Opera, in an unprecedented tour, performed in Montreal and again at the Met in New York a repertory which, except for a concert version of *Der Freischütz*, consisted entirely of 20th-century works, four of which had never before been staged in the Western Hemisphere by a professional company. This was an extraordinarily audacious project. In this part of the world, the formula that sells opera is to use the most familiar items of the standard repertory as showcases for famous singing stars. The Hamburg company offered no big names, and according to all the portents their tour should have been a disaster. They arrived in New York at the very worst part of the off season, with inadequate advance publicity and no subscribers. Nonetheless, they succeeded in filling the 4,000-seat theatre to an average of 92 percent of capacity, even with tickets at highly unpopular prices – $12 top.

The man who pulled off this coup is Rolf Liebermann, the Swiss avant-garde composer who, since 1959, has built the Hamburg State Opera into the superb performing ensemble it is. As managing director, Liebermann has done in Hamburg what Mahler did 60 years ago in Vienna: maintain a standard of musicianship and artistic unity which takes precedence over perso-

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

James C. Thomson, Jr. *was from 1964-66 staff member of the National Security Council at the White House. He is now Assistant Professor of History at Harvard.* Alexander M. Bickel, a *contributing editor of this journal, is author of* Unpublished Opinions of Mr. Justice Brandeis: The Supreme Court at work.

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nality. Liebermann combines the dedication of a visionary with the astuteness of a brilliant executive and the realism of a clever showman. In Hamburg, he keeps 60 operas in repertory – twice as large a list as the Met's. Of these, 15 are contemporary in the sense of being written since Debussy. And he commissions new works with a lavish hand – three premieres are scheduled for the coming season – a season which will begin on August 15 and will include performances every day except Christmas Eve until June 30, 1968.

The season is long and the company is large. 350 persons participated in the American tour. Liebermann puts his singers under tight three-year contracts which keep them from straying very far. With the aid of substantial government subsidies, he is able to keep opera tickets reasonably cheap.

I heard three of the four New York premieres. First, Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler*. This piece was suppressed by the Nazis in 1934, and it would be interesting to know if the composer really thought he could sneak it past the German censors at that late date, or whether it could be staged east of the wall even now. The political implications are very thinly disguised. The scene is laid in early 16th-century Germany, when the wars of religion anticipated the ferocity of the 20th-century wars of ideology. In his text, instead of taking one side or the other, Hindemith portrays them as equally murderous and vile, and gives his hero no choice but to retreat from them both.

The score is one of Hindemith's noblest accomplishments, completed just as he arrived at his mature style and several years before his handling of that style had become somewhat mechanical.

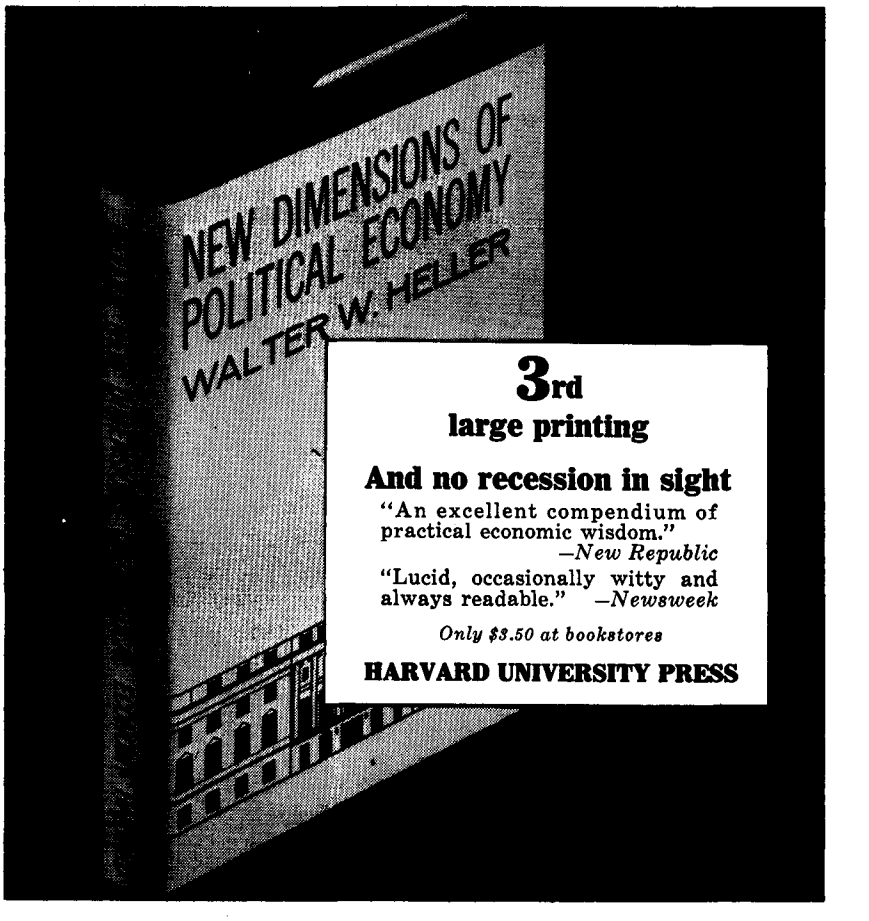
Some friends of mine found the piece pretty tame. Hindemith, dead now for almost four years, has undergone an even sharper decline in favor than is normal. The less-disciplined and sometimes smart-alecky music of his youth can still sometimes be surprising, but the rhetoric of his mature phase, which never had much shock-value, is now generally understood.

A more valid complaint is that the work shows an unfortunate influence of Strauss and Wagner. It is indeed a rather typical German music drama, and not all that good a show. The libretto is thoughtful and rather talky, and it would take a brilliant stage director to put a lot of activity into it. For future American performances, a decent English translation would be in order. The beauty of the music alone would guarantee the work a secure position on the American operatic stage. Listeners familiar with the symphony excerpted from the opera would find that they already know a great deal of the pieces, and that the familiar sections are even more voluptuous with the vocal lines added.

There is an excellent reason for *not* performing Alban Berg's *Lulu*, which is that the composer died before he completed the orchestration of the third act. For thirty years there has been talk about somebody else fleshing out the score, but rights to the unfinished portions reside with Helene Berg, the composer's widow, who has put up a great fight to prevent unconsecrated hands from touching the manuscript. It seems that the lady, who is in her eighties, has some spiritualistic way of communing with her husband, who died in 1935, and that whenever she talks to Alban about somebody else completing *Lulu*, he says "Nein! Nein! Schweinhund!" The result is that, to perform *Lulu* at all, an opera company has to make do with two acts and patch together a little third act out of odds and ends. In a biography *(Alban Berg;* Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95), Willi Reich supplies a detailed and tantalizing analysis of the third act, which will at last be performed literally over Frau Berg's dead body.

Comparisons between *Lulu* and Berg's completed opera, *Wozzeck*, are inevitable and not unflattering to either piece. *Wozzeck* is a tragedy – a work of unequivocal meaning, with a shock value unsurpassed in operatic literature. It is the *Tosca* of expressionism. *Lulu*, however, is a kind of *jeu d'esprit*, a 19th-century *Candy* in an exceedingly lively 20th-century musical setting.

The libretto, drawn from two "tragedies" by Frank Wedekind, would be



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a girl-style *Rake's Progress* if there were any moral degeneration involved. This is not the case. Lulu begins as a kept woman and ends up in London as a prostitute, where she is polished off by Jack the Ripper. In the madcap sequence of available scenes, the carnage is enormous. Everybody is in love with Lulu; men are killing themselves over her and, in one case, getting shot by her, while a mixed-up lesbian countess goes through terrible ordeals of self-sacrifice for her beloved Lulu. The tone, however, is more often one of farce or high camp than of tragedy, though I'm not sure that the composer was fully aware of this.

As in *Wozzeck*, the music is rich in internal complications and (deliberately) poor in tuneful melodic substance. The texture throughout is Hot Buttered Berg with an occasional suggestion of all the Strausses. However, the use of note-row serialism (a new technique when *Lulu* was written) gives the composer a means of maintaining a more even harmonic consistency than one finds in *Wozzeck*, with the result that the music seems more spontaneous and less technique-oriented. The work is, rhythmically, more direct than *Wozzeck* and, in its structures, much easier to follow.

Gunther Schuller's *The Visitation* (commissioned by Liebermann), created something of a scandal when it was hissed and booed the first time around. The repeat performance, which is the one I heard, had a friendly and enthusiastic audience.

Mr. Schuller – his name is misleading; Schuller is an American – has spent more time in opera houses than any other American composer, since for years he earned his living blowing a horn at the Met. Schuller is probably the best-known of the composers who write music of "The Third Stream" – a blending of jazz with the techniques of sophisticated international styles.

The Visitation is one of the larger accomplishments of the rapidly-changing New Left. The world premiere was in 1966, and at that time it conformed to the general policies of SNCC; today, it is already a bit dated. In Hamburg, at the first performance, it got a 20-minute ovation and 52 curtain calls. Now it is in the repertory of the company, getting perhaps a dozen performances a year. I suspect that its popularity may to some extent reflect a kind of chic anti-Americanism. Surely American racial tensions are engrossing to European intellectuals.

Schuller – who wrote his own libretto – confronts his audience with a variation on a theme by Kafka: the familiar persecution and destruction of Joseph K. by a Middle-European bureaucracy becomes the hounding-to-death of a black Carter Jones by whites.

For an ear tuned to American English, Schuller's text is atrocious – worse than the worst Menotti, a parade of clichés that sound grotesque in slow motion, particularly in a German accent. The phrase "Neegar lovair" bellowed at full voice by an alien singer takes on a ruefully comic tone that was surely not intended by the composer.

Bad enunciation and bad articulation helped save the show when I saw it. It got better as it went along and would doubtless have been even better in German. Musically, the piece is an incongruous wedding of a Menottiesque vocal line to a fetching post-expressionistic accompaniment which gets better as it approaches jazz and worse as it leaves it. The prelude to act three is a stunning electronic piece, with snatches of old Bessie Smith records in a context of laboratory sounds.

I have not mentioned any of the performers by name. The Hamburg company is no place for prima donnas. Without turning up any Elizabeth Schwartzkopfs, Mr. Liebermann has developed a distinguished company in which one can take excellence of performance for granted. ROBERT EVETT

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Mathis der Maler – Excerpts
(Deutsche Grammophon)
(Out of print and hard to get)

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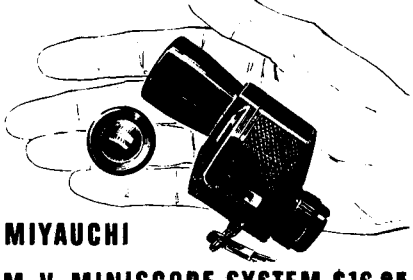

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Correspondence

The Victims

Sirs:

In an impassioned critical review of Jean-Francois Steiner's *Treblinka* (July 1, 1967), Bruno Bettelheim attempts to answer the central question posed by the book: "Why did the Jews (in the Nazi death camps) allow themselves to be led to the slaughterhouse like sheep?" In taking this question seriously, Bettelheim falls into the same trap which encloses Steiner. In the first place, he appears to accept as a fact that the bulk of the Jewish victims cooperated in their deaths; second, he blames their supposed passivity on the "ghetto mentality" of the East European Jews who made up the majority of the victims. Like Steiner, Bettelheim thus invokes a theory of

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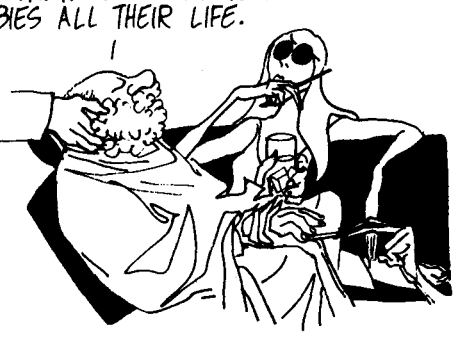
JULES FEIFFER

YOU KNOW WHAT THE PROBLEM IS?

THESE KIDS TODAY HAVE EVERYTHING TOO EASY. THEY WANT TO STAY BABIES ALL THEIR LIFE.



THEY HAVEN'T HAD TO **GROW UP** LIKE **MY** GENERATION. THEY HAVEN'T DEVELOPED A SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY.

SO WHEN THEY COME UP AGAINST A DIFFICULT PROBLEM THEY DON'T FACE UP TO IT LIKE **WE** DID.

OH, NO! **THEY** FASHIONABLY REBEL. OR THEY WITHDRAW INTO DRUGS.

IF YOU ASK ME IT'S A CRISIS OF IDENTITY.

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national character (the cultural traditions of the ghetto) to account for the catastrophe.

It might well be asked whether the Jews in the death camps had any choice other than to be exterminated like vermin! After all, as Bettelheim himself points out, millions of non-Jews were also systematically exterminated – Gypsies, Poles, Russians, anti-Nazis of all nations, the mentally retarded, the insane – and indeed, anyone labelled undesirable or dangerous by the Nazi overlords. In the case of all of these other victims, no one wonders about their cultural traditions or their passivity as people. Everyone simply accepts that these other victims were simply rendered defenseless, dehumanized and killed at the will of an armed conqueror. Bettelheim might also be reminded that many hundreds of thousands of the exterminated European Jews were not ghetto Jews at all; many were Westernized and assimilated Jews who were shipped into the camps from all the countries which the Nazi armies overran. I make no mention also of the lengths to which the Nazis evidently went to deceive their victims in order to make them tractable – a matter which, among others, Hannah Arendt has described in some detail. It is gratuitous to ask why the Jews did not resist and it is egregious to answer this essentially absurd question with an elaborate theory about the ghetto Jew. There is no evidence that any of *non*-Jewish victims were able to do very much about their lot, in the face of the inhuman character of the system and the naked power of their jailors. The Jews were even worse off than their brother-victims, since they had no country of their own and no army to fight in their name.

If there are Israeli sabras, as Bettelheim alleges, who look with some contempt on their slaughtered European brethren because they did not fight back, they should be reminded that the Israelis now have the wherewithal (guns, tanks, planes and a military organization), which the European Jews did not have. It is difficult enough to be brave in battle with gun in hand, but it is quite impossible without it. Bettelheim argues, quite sensibly, that there were no differences between the individual behavior of Jews and non-Jews in the camps, that they all behaved simply as prisoners and victims first, and as individuals second. But Bettelheim also cannot have it both ways. If the latter observation is true, then the Jews did not go to their deaths in any special way and it is unnecessary to construct a theory of national character to explain a non-event.

Walter S. Neff
Professor of Psychology
New York University

Smoke BOOKS

By JEROME AGEL
Editor-Publisher of a Monthly Mind-Expander

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The Israeli Victory

Sirs:

I take strong exception to the lead editorial of your June 3 issue, because I don't agree with the second of your "central ideas of which we must hold." I don't believe that "the survival of Israel is a responsibility of civilized nations" – certainly not any more than that of any other nation is, and perhaps less. The creation of Israel was an act for which the moral justifications offered are very questionable. It was the result of secret agreements, terrorism and, on the part of some, perfidy; it was a phenomenon totally irrelevant to the redressing of wrongs suffered by Jews in Europe and totally at variance with America's deepest interests in the Middle East. The establishment and dynamic expansion of Israel is a victory for the Zionist, not Jewish, spirit, and an affront to the civilized nations of the Arab world which, after all, account for the bulk of the Middle East's population and area.

C. T. Rand
San Francisco, Calif.

"The Israeli Victory" (June 17) . . . is little better than a pile of intellectual debris too variegated, too crammed with *non-sequiturs* for point by point rebuttal. I might simply state that every cliché which you've so skillfully deflated when it concerns Vietnam, China, Europe, or Latin America now turns up here, in the Middle East. And the list is a full one: the Soviet monolith (reestablishing command "by disciplining . . . wayward satellites"); those inexorable "laws governing totalitarian movements"; the domino theory (the Middle East becoming "an exclusive Soviet preserve"); the American "commitment" (capable, it seems, of only a one-way, inflexible interpretation). . . .

Richard B. Du Boff
Bryn Mawr, Penna.

Mental Hospitals

Sirs:

Reisig and Rapoport ("I'm No Psychiatrist" June 24) were more generous in their appraisal of Alabama's mental hospitals than they might have been, especially in their description of the differences between the white hospital Bryce, and the Negro hospital, Searcy. . . . Bryce has recently been the beneficiary of several federally-funded programs and buildings, while Searcy remains essentially as it was built: a pre-Civil War armory, suitable for storage of muskets and cannonballs, or, in Alabama, Negroes. In 1950 for every $1 spent on salaries-per-patient in the white hospital, 74c was spent at the Negro hospital, but

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by 1964 the ratio had dropped to 55c.

Searcy Hospital was abandoned by the federal government about 80 years ago because of its remote and unhealthy location, and the advanced state of decrepitude of its buildings. The State of Alabama decided it would be a suitable location to establish a refuge for the Negro insane. The most horrifying aspect of this "hospital" was not the ancient buildings, but the total lack of a treatment program. The white nurse who showed me around in 1966 told of several recreational and occupational therapy programs, but I could find no evidence that any had ever existed. Negro sources said that the only therapy available at Searcy is sitting. The "hospital" ward for acutely ill male patients was just like other wards, only dirtier; no medical equipment was in sight.

The Negro attendants were well aware of the situation, but they hesitated to do anything, for the Klan was said to be especially strong among the white personnel, and the Klan had recently proved its virility by shooting up the home of a Negro widow and her crippled child.

Before *NR* readers congratulate themselves on their own states' relatively enlightened treatment of the mentally ill, they should be sure to take a look at their own back wards. When I worked at Dorthea Dix Hospital, then North Carolina's best mental hospital for whites, physical conditions on some of its back wards were even worse than anything at Searcy.

Edward Opton, Jr.
Dept. of Psychology
U. of C., Berkeley

Teacher Certification

Sirs:

I was surprised to see that *The New Republic* is so concerned about teacher certification ("Fifteen Little Indians," June 17). If anything, I would expect you to advocate dividing that two million into good salaries and hiring mathematicians away from IBM and liberal arts majors away from the universities and publishing houses. Far too many certified teachers have little to offer other than their certificates, and perhaps a few methods courses. Most bright young men and women, equipped with good teaching texts, a desire to help, and monetary rather than verbal testimony as to their worth would be able to teach. Must we always expect the teacher to deny himself a comfortable living? IBM offers starting engineers 9 to 10 thousand dollars and they are only making computers. I would suggest that you begin stressing the need to hire people who can get results in the classroom and pay them for these results. In too many cases the certificate about which the NR is so concerned serves as a "union card" to keep unproductive teachers on the job.

Walter McMann
Bar Harbor, Maine

Drug Profiteering

Sirs:

I am delighted that you are taking up the ugly profiteering of brand-name drugs. May I suggest that an additional annoyance to me and many other doctors is that their enormous quantities of slick advertising go through the US mails at a heavily subsidzed rate? (Is this included in your $3,000 per doctor per year? If not, it could be added.)

Doctors are drenched with junk mail much of which we all as taxpayers subsidize, and much of which is immoral and a nuisance.

Laurence Hartman, M.D.
Boston, Mass.

R and D in CBW

Sirs:

Scientists in academia are indebted to Seymour Hersh and *The New Republic* (May 6, July 1) for publicizing our nation's morally degrading research and development program in chemical and biological warfare (CBW) and the avaricious complicity of a number of universities and their faculties. . . . But permit me to correct Hersh's statement that "none of the major scientific societies has taken a stand for or against CBW" and the further implication that scientists are not concerned over this grave issue. At its annual meeting last November, the American Anthropological Association condemned CBW; at its annual meeting a month later, the prestigious American Association for the Advancement of Science (with over 100,000 members) expressed its concern. . . . Last September, twelve eminent plant physiologists petitioned President Johnson against CBW, as did 22 renowned scientists (including seven Nobel laureates) in a separate petition at about the same time. These were followed in February by a similar petition signed by more than 5,000 scientists – without substantive response from the White House, I might add."

Arthur H. Westing
Chairman of Biology
Windham College
Putney, Vermont

Boston Riots

Sirs:

Congratulations on getting the straight story on the recent Boston disturbances, where police rioted, and not Negroes ("Summer Riots," June 24). Your

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reporting is superior here to the Boston newspapers, every one of which suppressed information or actually committed distortions in their published accounts.

Karl V. Teeter
Cambridge, Mass.

Third Party

Sirs:

I think it is time we begin to prepare for the 1968 elections. The problems of a third party are legion but should be considered now rather than next year. Those who wait and depend on Robert Kennedy or George Romney will surely learn that these men are concerned with control of their parties and not with a principled fight on the issues of today. . . . I would hope that there could be agreement on a Martin Luther King-Benjamin Spock slate in 1968.

Richard White, M.D.
Stanford University

Competitors

Sirs:

Stanley Kauffmann says (May 27) that "afternoon newspapers are invariably worse than morning ones – I should say *even* worse." How about the *Milwaukee Journal, Seattle Times, Philadelphia Bulletin, Cleveland Press, Kansas City Star, St. Louis Post-Dispatch, Chicago Daily News, Washington Star, Denver Post,* and *Sacramento Bee*? All of these are good afternoon papers, and where they have morning competition are often better than their competitors. . . .

Mortimer Smith
Executive Director
Council for Basic Education

Jetport Tangle

Sirs:

To accept Walter Pitkin Jr.'s logic ("The Jetport Tangle," May 27), one must be willing to ban private automobiles from freeways during rush hours to leave room for Greyhound and Continental buses. There are 2,000 airliners but 97,000 other "general aviation" airplanes flying today. The ratio, if anything, will continue to widen.

This country's flying bus companies cause their own traffic jams at the New York and Washington "jetports." It is their own scheduling which causes "peak periods." Any "little private plane" with guts enough to tackle the traffic pattern at these airports is a rarity; and he invariably ventures there for a sound business reason. We have a whole tottering bureaucracy built up to pander to the corporate giants who bus passengers through the air. To encourage an implicit monopoly for them at so-called jetports – all at taxpayers' expense, of course – is curious thinking indeed.

Gene Booth
Corona del Mar, Calif.

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

home with her. When she sees the camera, she protests to the narrator. The boy flees, the man gets out of the car and joins the woman's protest. The narrator slips away. Later, studying the photograph, he becomes convinced that the woman was seducing the boy for the man in the car, not for herself, and that the very taking of the photograph provided an escape hatch for the young victim who was about to be despoiled. Cortázar has written a near-horror story from a moral point of view. Antonioni's hero is not an unconscious agent of good; he is an epitome of the modern human being enlarging his factual knowledge – more than he is aware of at the time – by means of glib technology, yet not enlarging his capacity to deal with that knowledge. Both authors are interested in the nature of reality, but in his story Cortázar has reached an ironic answer and in his film Antonioni has amplified the questions.

But if Cortázar did not do as much with his initial idea as Antonioni has done, still it is a neat bitter frightened little story. It is one of the best in the book, and all of the best are intelligent somber entertainments.

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